



FEATURE

COMICS

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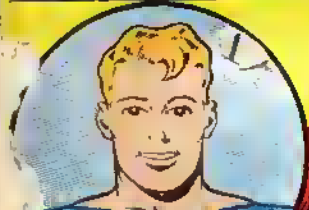
MARCH
No.120

The
DOLL MAN
frames
**A MURDER
PICTURE!**

10¢



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY



A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

AMAZING! NEW!

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK



IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!

LIGHTS MAGICALLY!

WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank MAGICALLY LIGHT UP just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.



1. All plungers all the way out



2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger all the way in



4. Watch it magically light up!

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Send your order NOW.

FEATURE COMICS, March, 1948, No. 120. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 570 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Jess C. Rogers, Jr., Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, E. S. Murphy, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., 323 West Division St., Dept. CH
Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

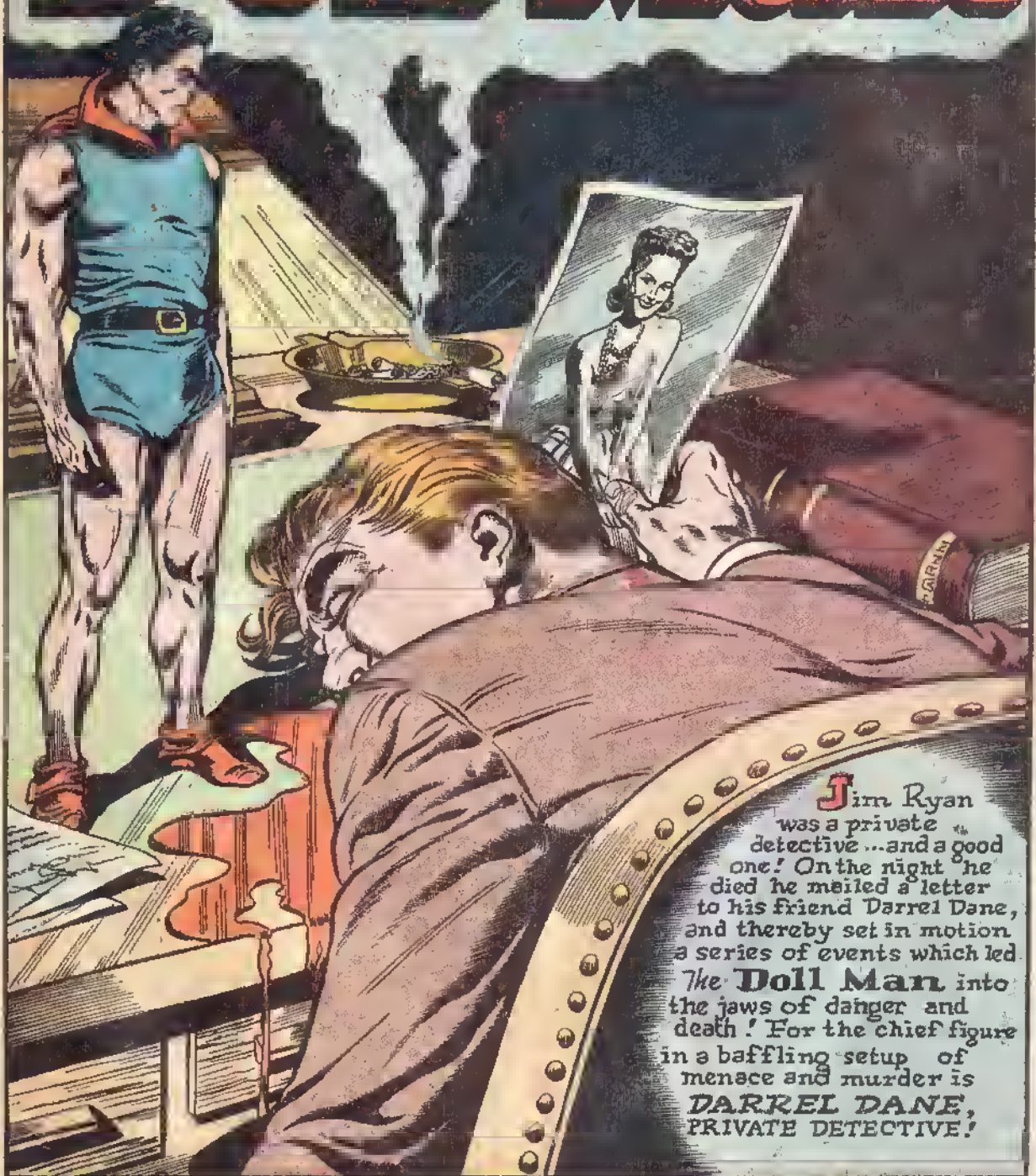
Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ I am enclosing \$1.69. Send Juke Box Bank Prepaid.

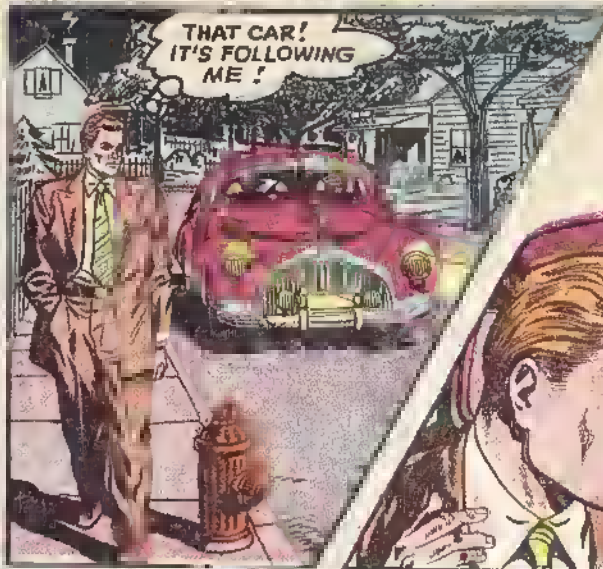
The Doll Man



Jim Ryan was a private detective...and a good one! On the night he died he mailed a letter to his friend Darrel Dane, and thereby set in motion a series of events which led **The Doll Man** into the jaws of danger and death! For the chief figure in a baffling setup of menace and murder is **DARREL DANE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE!**

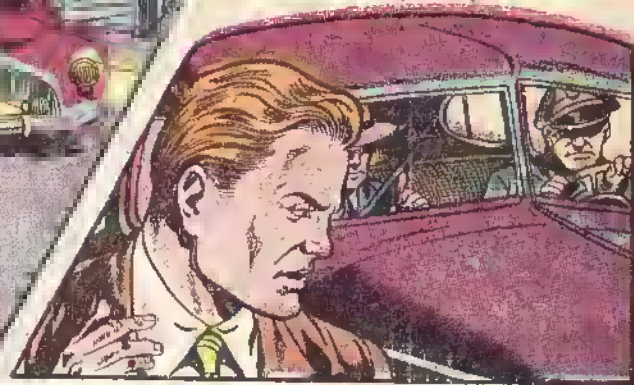
FEATURE COMICS

Though he couldn't know it, this was the last night of Jim Ryan's life...



THAT CAR!
IT'S FOLLOWING
ME!

SOMETHING'S
WRONG!



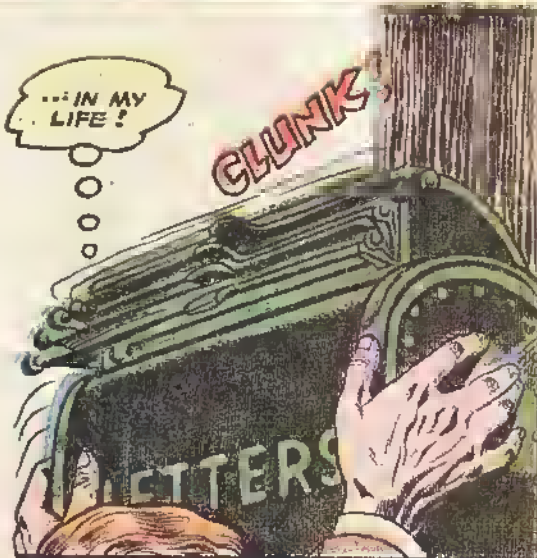
AGHHH!



THE... MAIL BOX!
GOTTA MAIL A
LETTER!



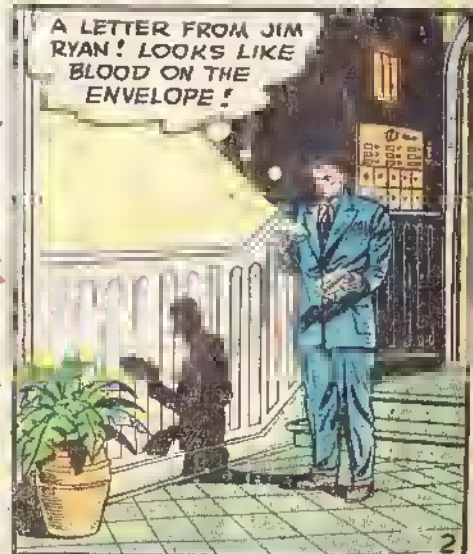
I... PUT.. PICTURE
INSIDE ! DARREL
WILL KNOW WHAT...
TO DO ! I NEVER...
FLUBBED A
CASE...



...IN MY
LIFE!

CLUNK!

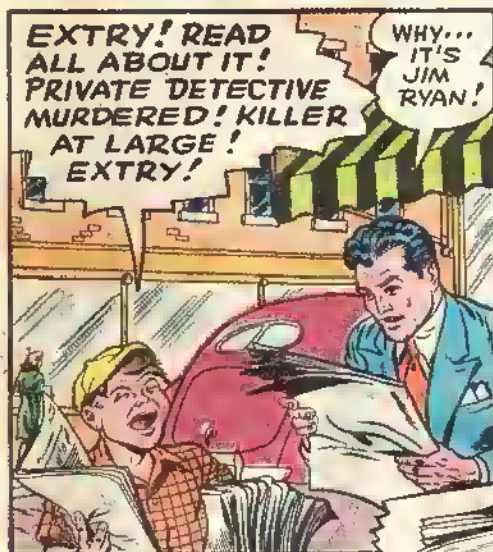
The next morning, Darrel Dane, who is secretly also the DOLL MAN, receives the letter...



A LETTER FROM JIM
RYAN ! LOOKS LIKE
BLOOD ON THE
ENVELOPE !

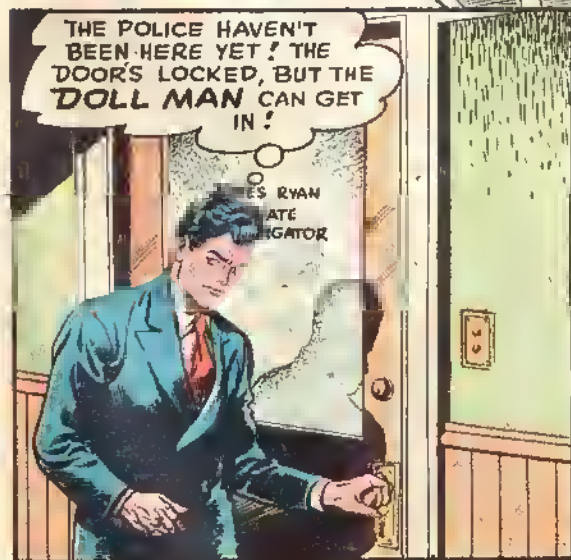


SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT I WONDER WHY JIM SENT HER PICTURE TO ME? IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF PRACTICAL JOKE!

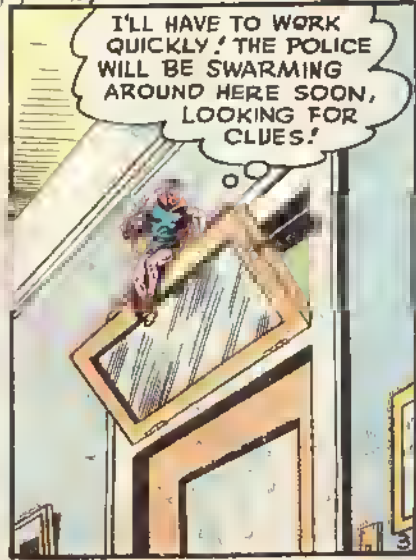
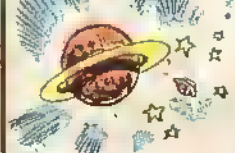


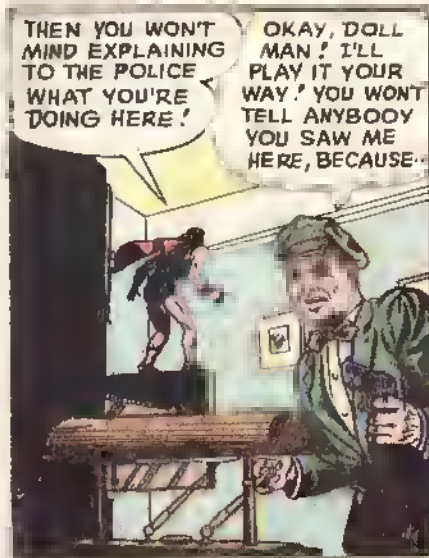
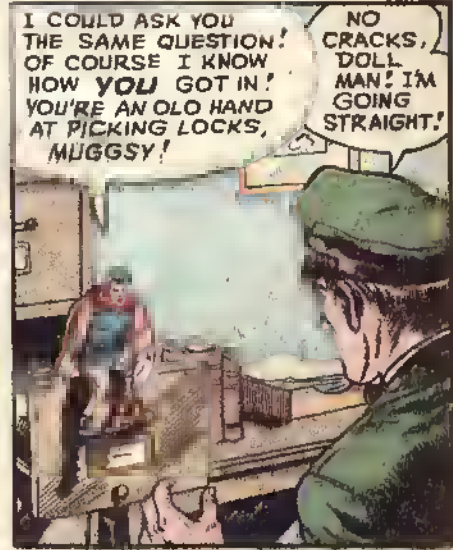
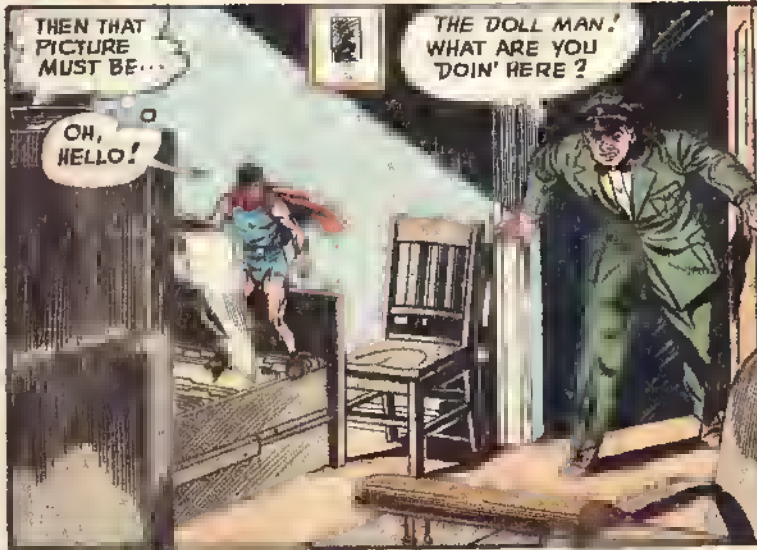
WHY... IT'S JIM RYAN!

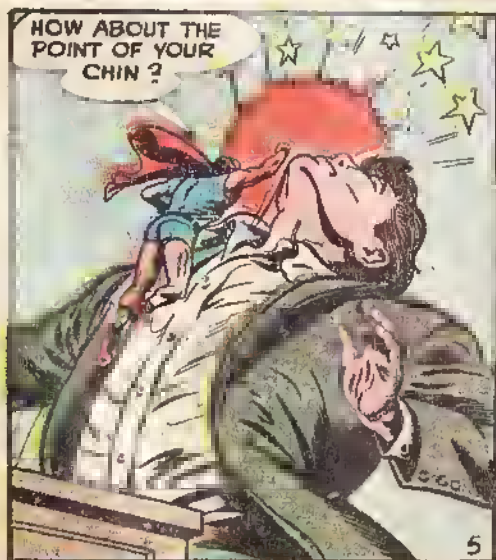
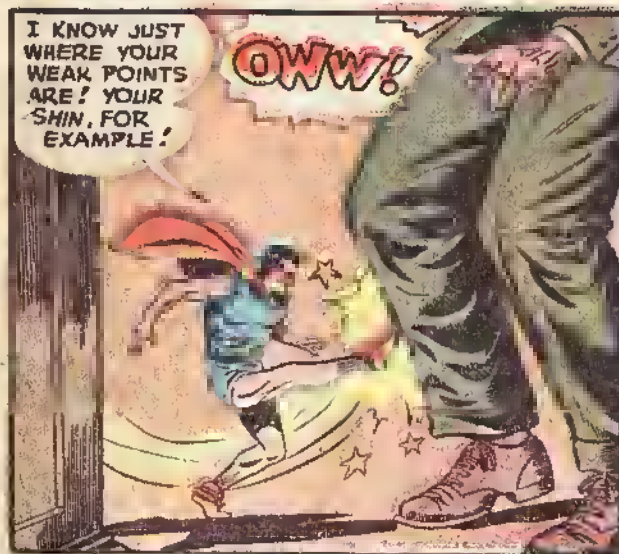
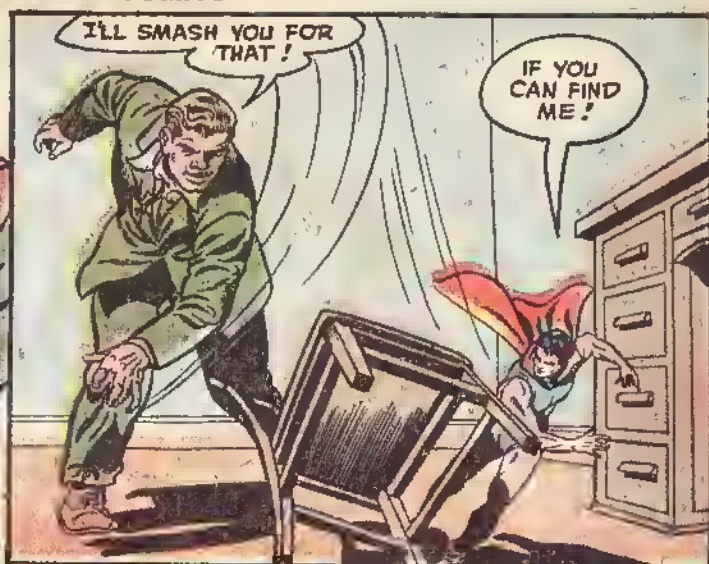
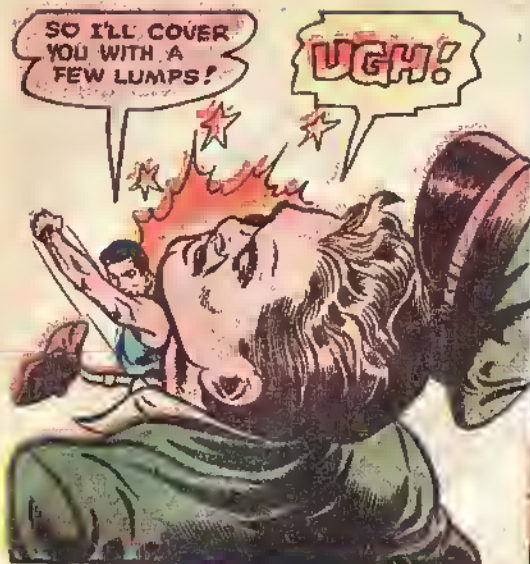
HE WAS KILLED JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT! THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE TIME HE MAILED THAT LETTER! THE BLOOD ON IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS OWN!

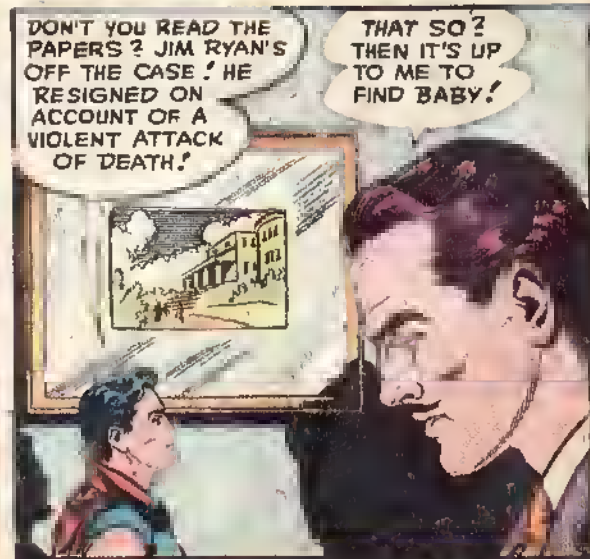
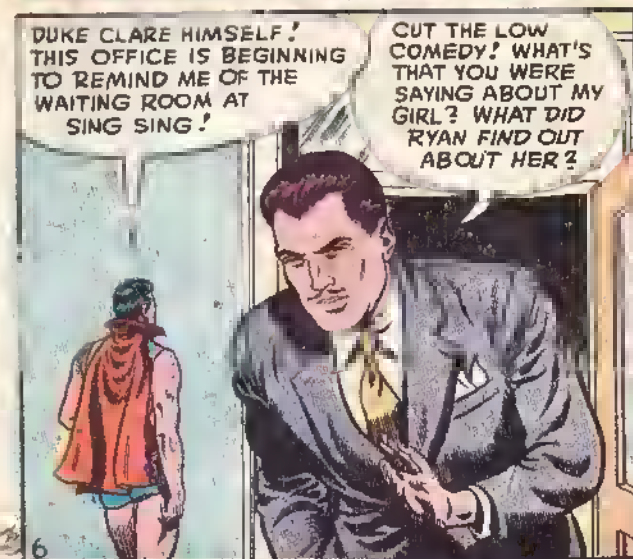
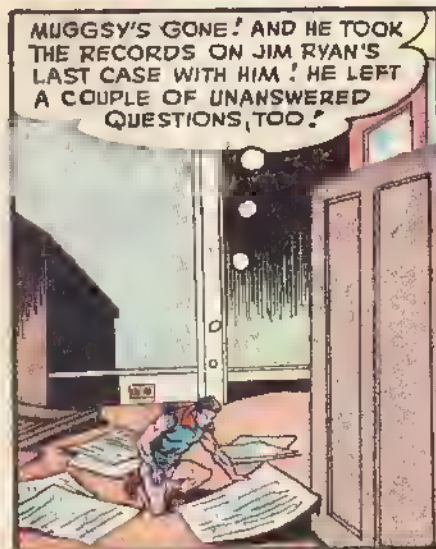
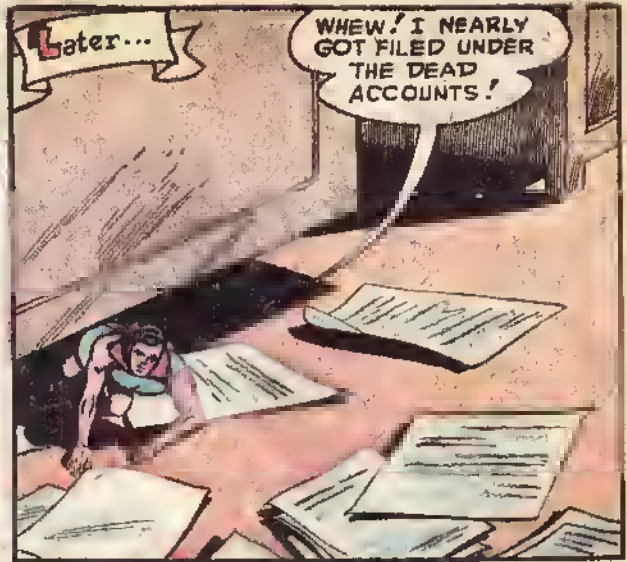
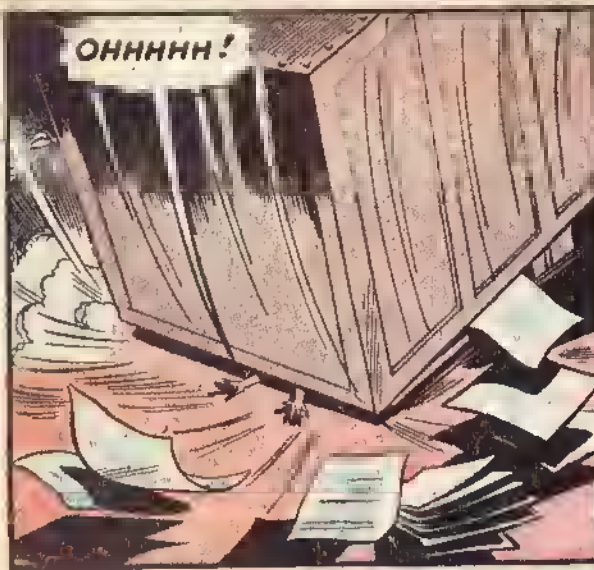


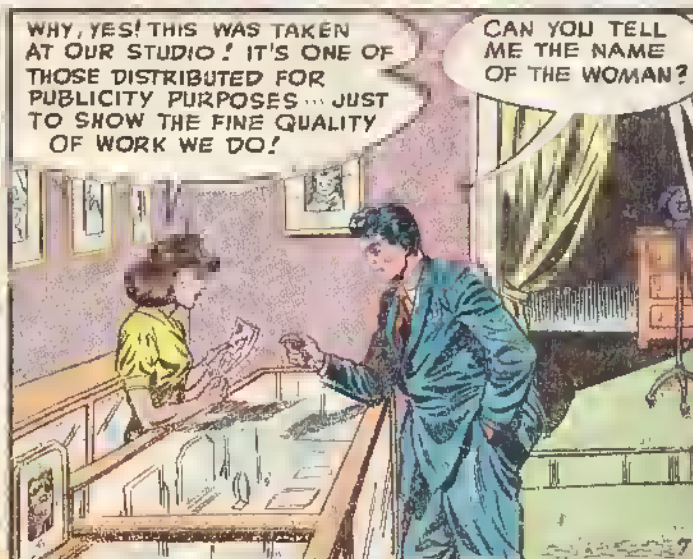
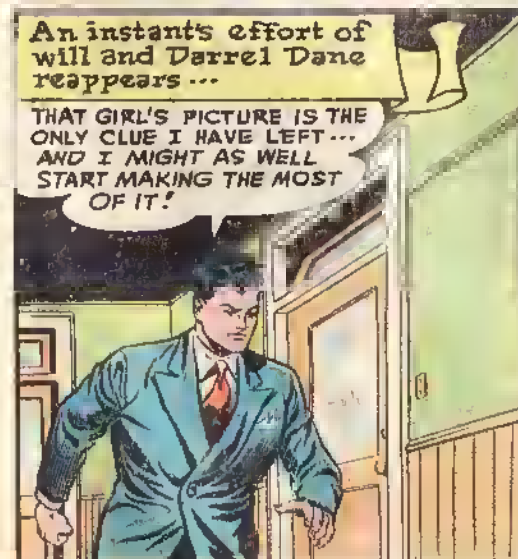
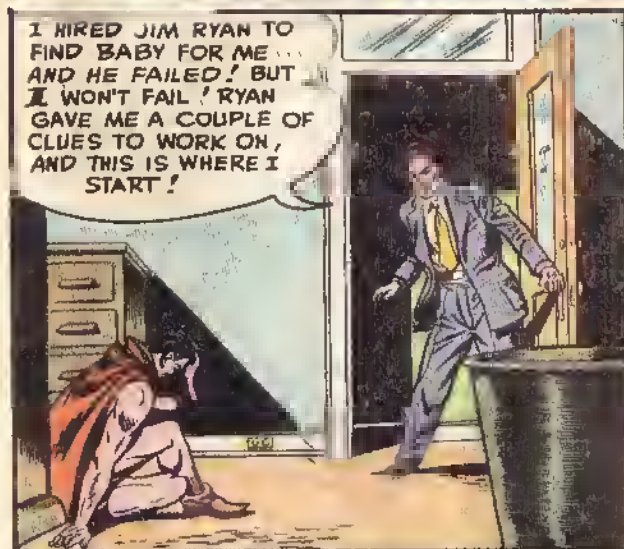
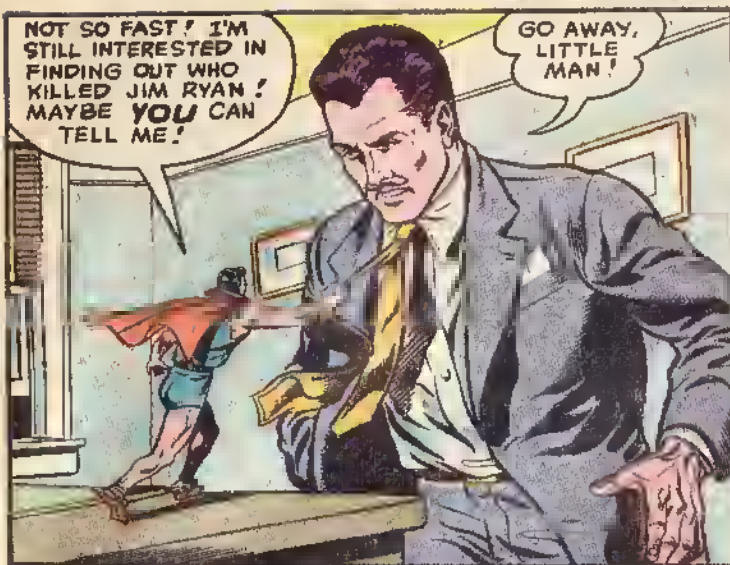
A quick effort of will transforms Darrel Dane into the world's mightiest mite...
THE DOLL MAN!

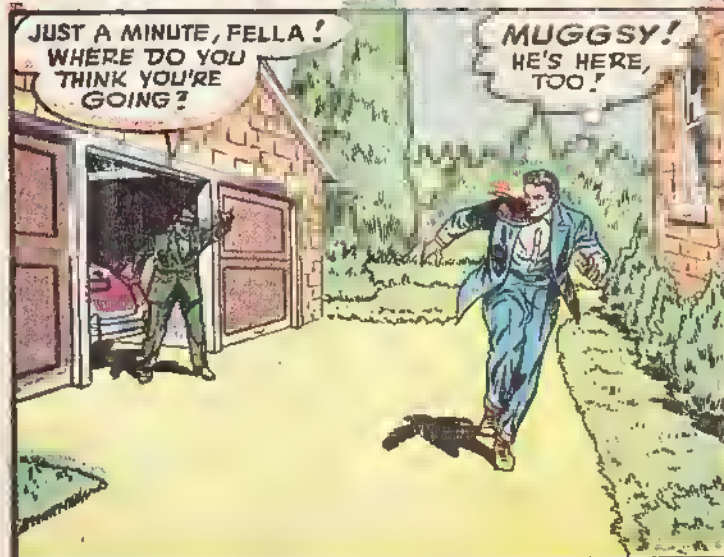
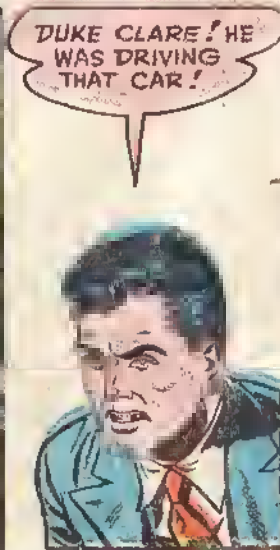
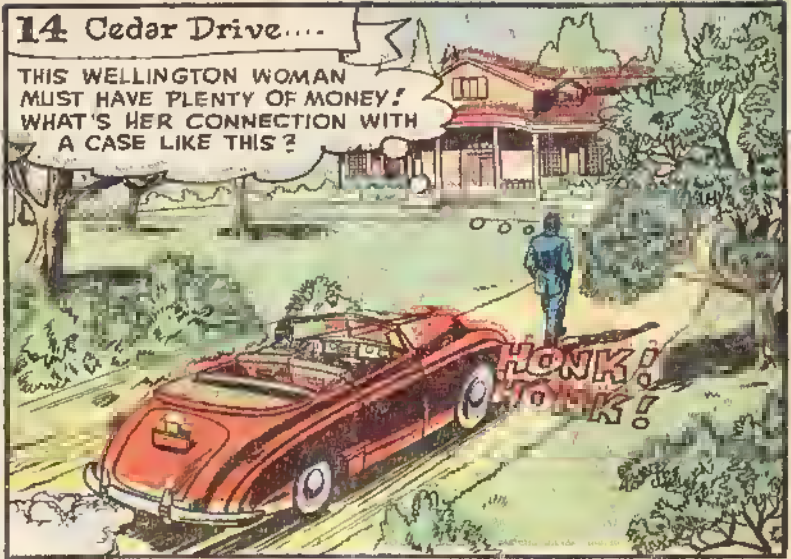












Again an effort of will compresses the molecules of Darrel Dane's body....

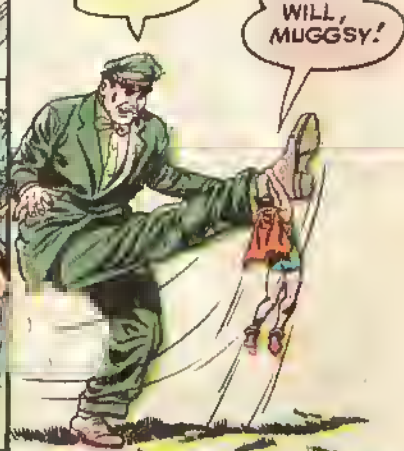


YOU! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GUY I WAS CHASING?



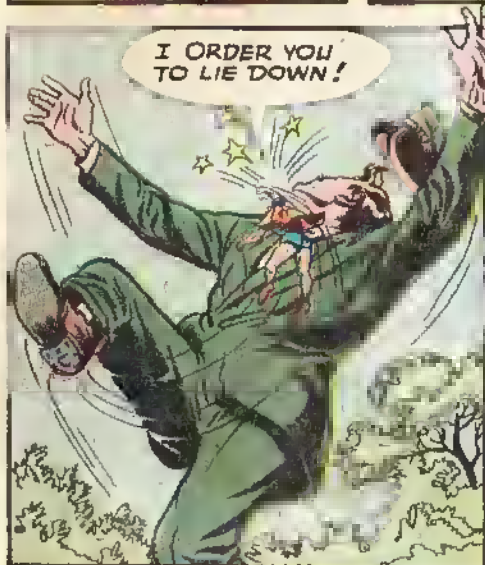
HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, MUGGSY! STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!

I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM A LITTLE RUNT!

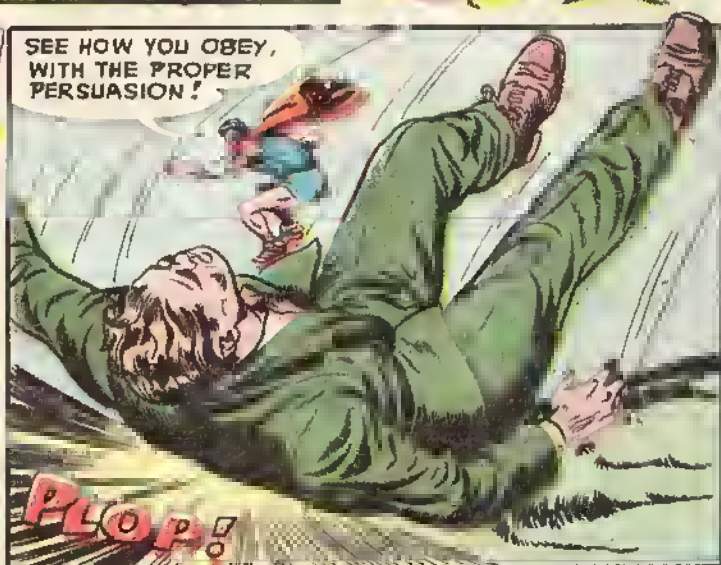


YOU WILL, MUGGSY!

I ORDER YOU TO LIE DOWN!

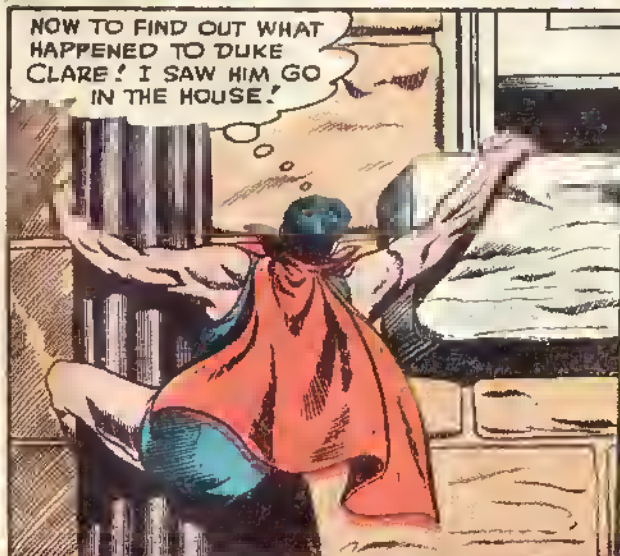


SEE HOW YOU OBEY, WITH THE PROPER PERSUASION!



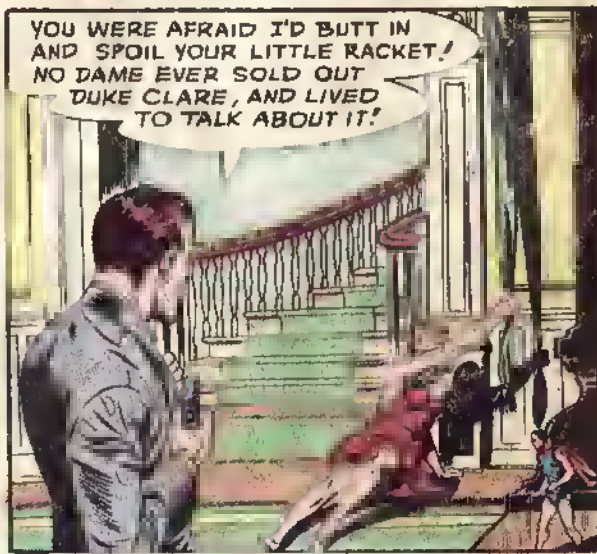
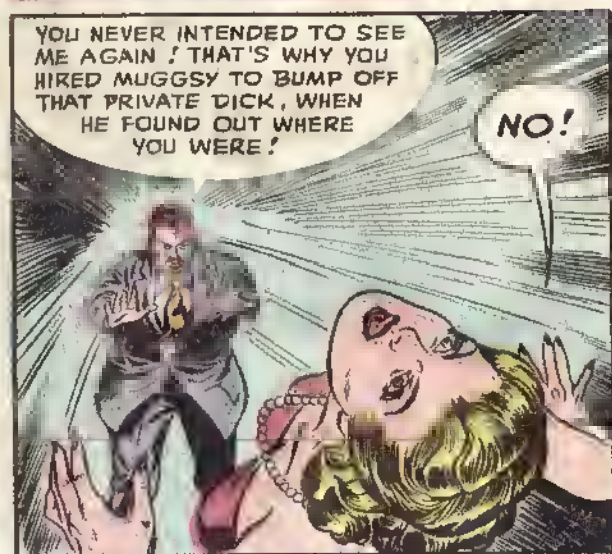
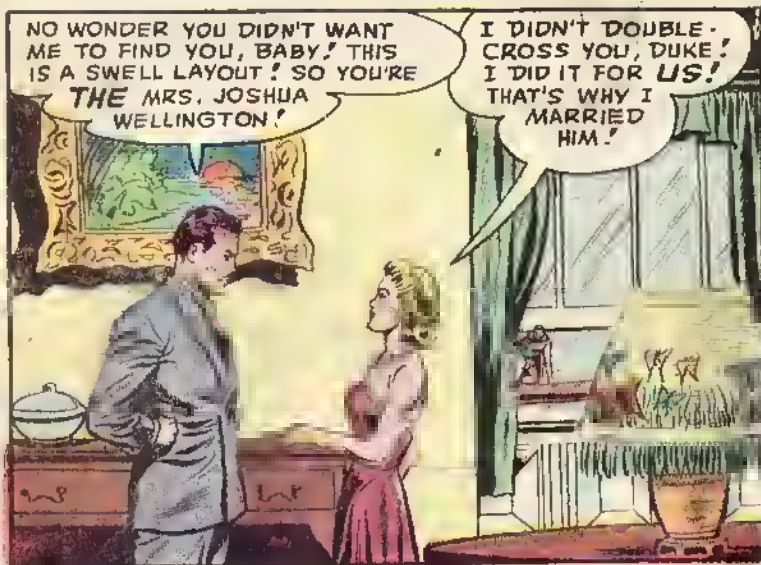
PLOP!

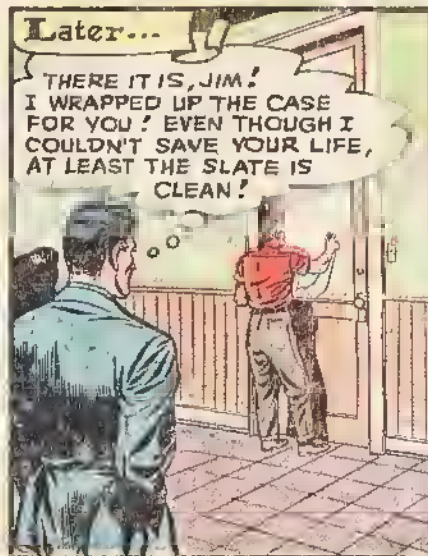
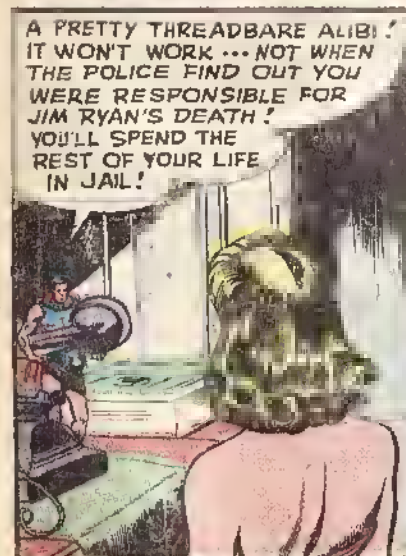
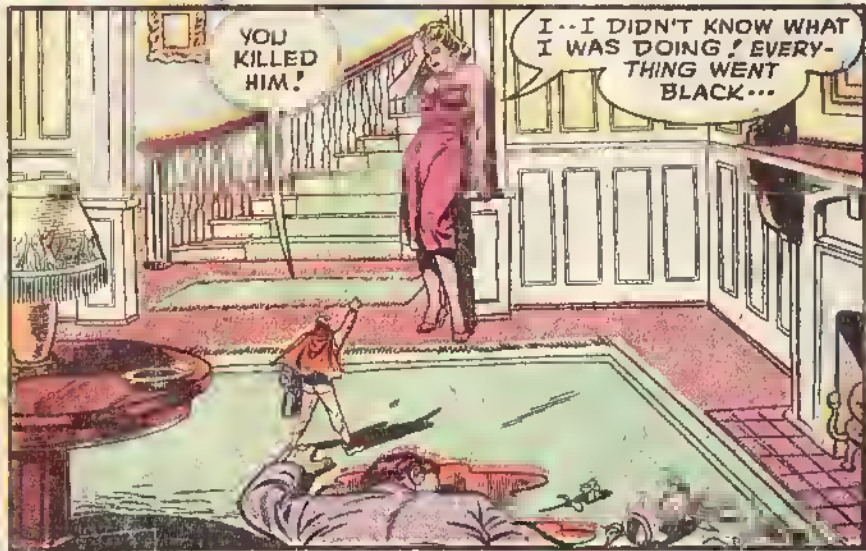
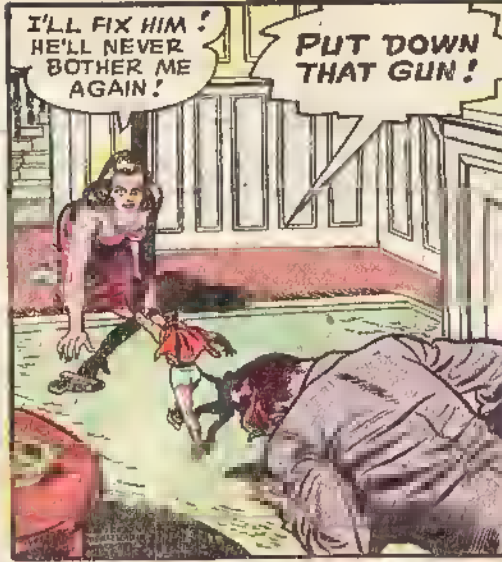
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO DUKE CLARE! I SAW HIM GO IN THE HOUSE!



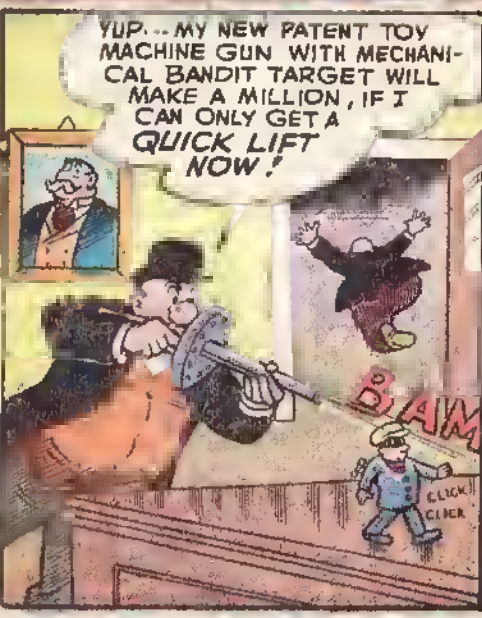
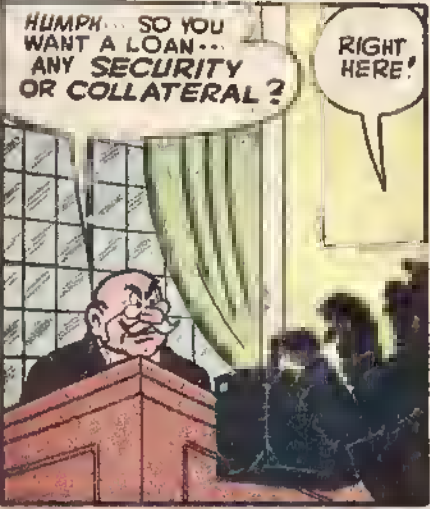
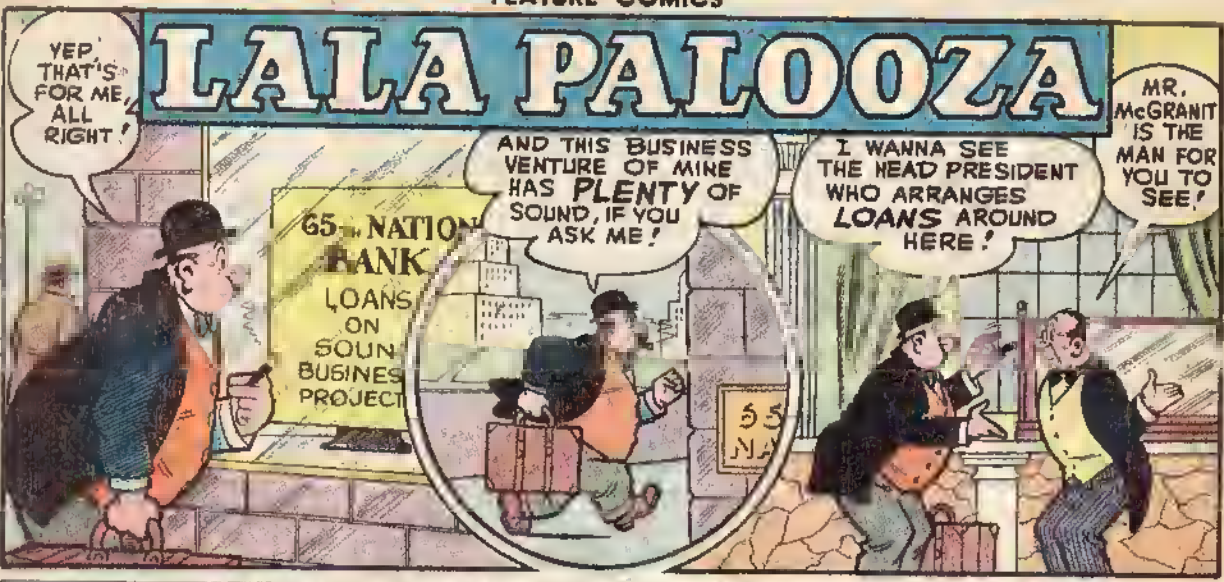
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE I WALKED IN ON ACT THREE, CLIMAX! AND I DO MEAN THIS IS THE PAYOFF!







LALA PALOOZA



YOU SAY HE'S REALLY INTERESTED IN SUCH THINGS?

LALA PALOOZA

ABSOLUTELY! HE WRITES BOOKS ABOUT 'EM!

WELL, THAT'S THE STRANGEST HOBBY I EVER HEARD OF!

OH, WELL, THEY SAY THAT MOST WRITERS ARE A BIT CRAZY!



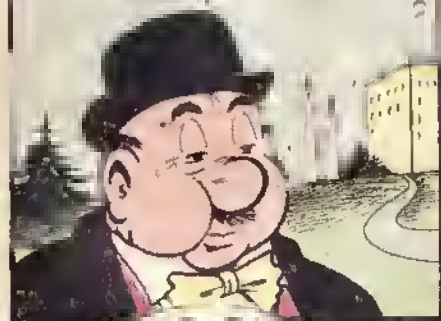
AND IF SUCH THINGS GIVE HIM MATERIAL FOR HIS BOOKS, HE OUGHTA PAY ME GOOD IF I COLLECT HIM A FEW CHOICE SPECIMENS!

Later...

WELL, IT TOOK ALL DAY, BUT I GOT HIM A REAL RIPE COLLECTION!

HERE THEY ARE, MR. HEMMINGBIRD, AND THEY'RE ALL YOURS!

WHAT IN...?



THEY OUGHTA GIVE YOU SOME SWELL CHAPTERS FOR YOUR NEW BOOK!

FOOL! I'M INTERESTED IN STAMPS... NOT TRAMPS!



Swing Sisson



The fiery hand which struck down a famous singer seemed to point the finger of guilt at Swing Sisson --- but not for long!

Distinguished performers often appear at the Clover Club...

IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE LARRY GUNN AS OUR GUEST STAR TONIGHT!

AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO AGREE WITH YOU, MR. MASON! THOUGH I'M USED TO BETTER PLACES THAN THIS, EH, SAMISH?

BUT I INSIST ON ANOTHER MICROPHONE--MY OWN HIGH-POWER MIKE! IT TAKES TWO TO PICK UP MY RICH TONES AS I STAND BETWEEN THEM! BRING IT IN, SAMISH!

OUR GUEST STAR DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY INFERIORITY COMPLEX, TOBY!

I WISH YOU LUCK, MR. GUNN! HOPE YOU GIVE A SWELL PERFORMANCE!

I DON'T NEED YOUR GOOD WISHES, SISSON! MY PERFORMANCES ARE ALWAYS GOOD, AREN'T THEY, SAMISH?



NEED I INTRODUCE MYSELF, FOLKS? LARRY GUNN--THEY CALL ME THE TOP SENSATION OF SCREEN AND RADIO. AND WHAT'S MY MILLIONS OF OTHERS?



I WISH ONE OF THOSE TRICK MICRO-PHONES WOULD JUMP UP AND BITE HIM.

I HEARD THAT DIRTY CRACK, SISSON! YOU SHOULD

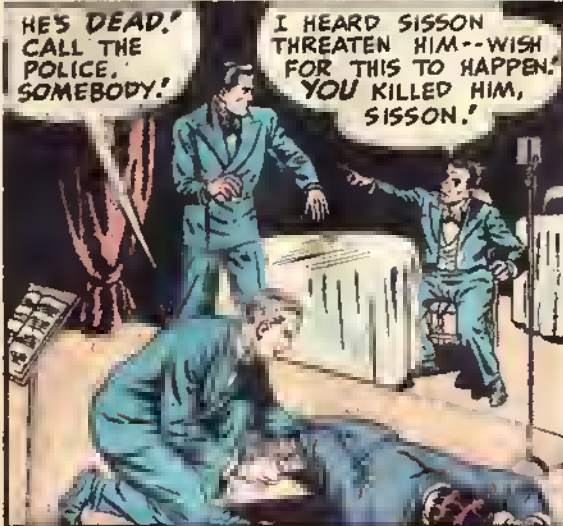


OHH--WHY WON'T THE GIR. RULS LEEVE ME ALOOONE? ♪ ♪



WHAT THE--?

AAAAAH!



HE'S DEAD! CALL THE POLICE, SOMEBODY!

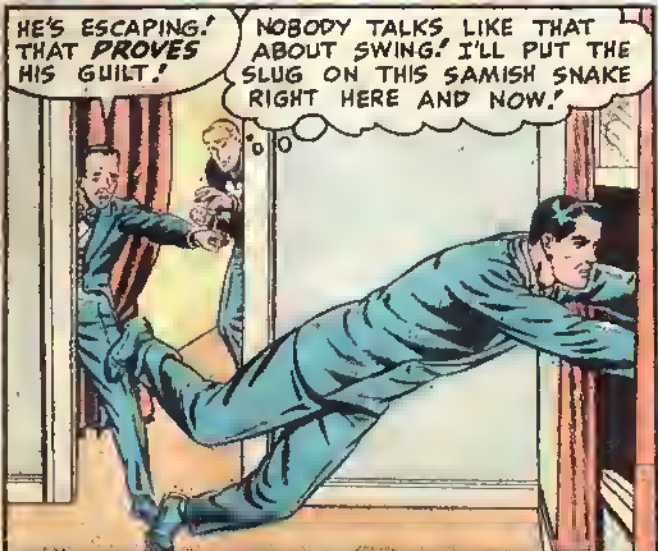
I HEARD SISSON THREATEN HIM--WISH FOR THIS TO HAPPEN. YOU KILLED HIM, SISSON!

SOMETHING WRONG IN HERE?



PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, KEEP YOUR SEATS! THERE HAS BEEN A TRAGEDY, BUT THE POLICE ARE HERE--

ARREST THIS KILLER, OFFICER!



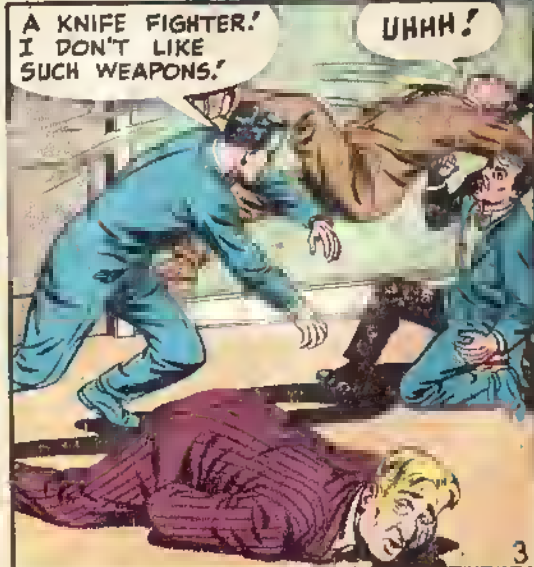
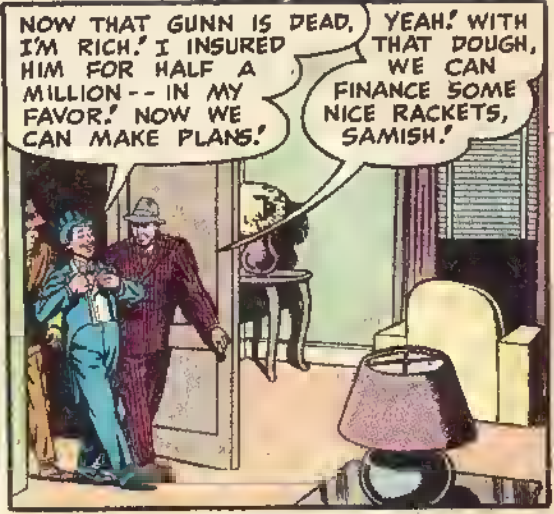
HE'S ESCAPING! THAT PROVES HIS GUILT!

NOBODY TALKS LIKE THAT ABOUT SWING. I'LL PUT THE SLUG ON THIS SAMISH SNAKE RIGHT HERE AND NOW!

NOW THEY WANT TO MURDER ME! MASON, I'LL SUE YOUR CLUB FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!

SWING HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE KILLING! HE MUST HAVE RUN AWAY BECAUSE HE SAW A CLUE AND IS TRACING IT!







LET ME OUT OF HERE--

LET ME IN! I SAW SOMEONE COMING IN BY YOUR FIRE ESCAPE!



JUST IN TIME, OFFICER! SWING SISSON KILLED MY SINGER, LARRY GUNN-- HE CAME TO KILL ME!

COME WITH ME, SISSON! THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO QUESTION YOU!



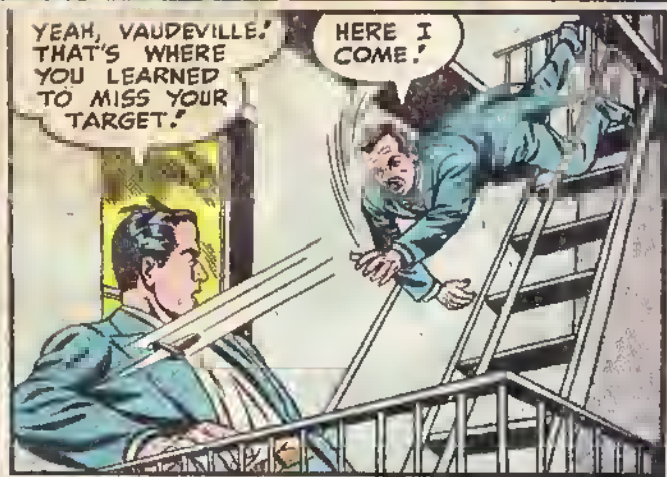
SORRY--NO TIME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS NOW!

AFTER HIM! HE MUSTN'T ESCAPE AGAIN!



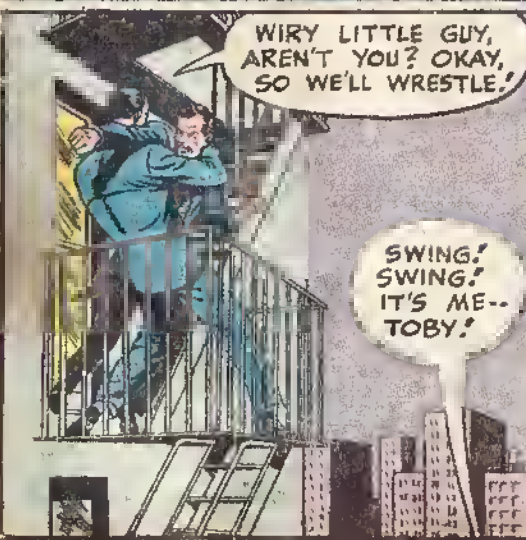
ANOTHER KNIFE, SAMISH? YOU SEEM TO TRAVEL UPHOLSTERED IN CUTLERY!

I USED TO BE A KNIFE THROWER IN VAUDEVILLE!



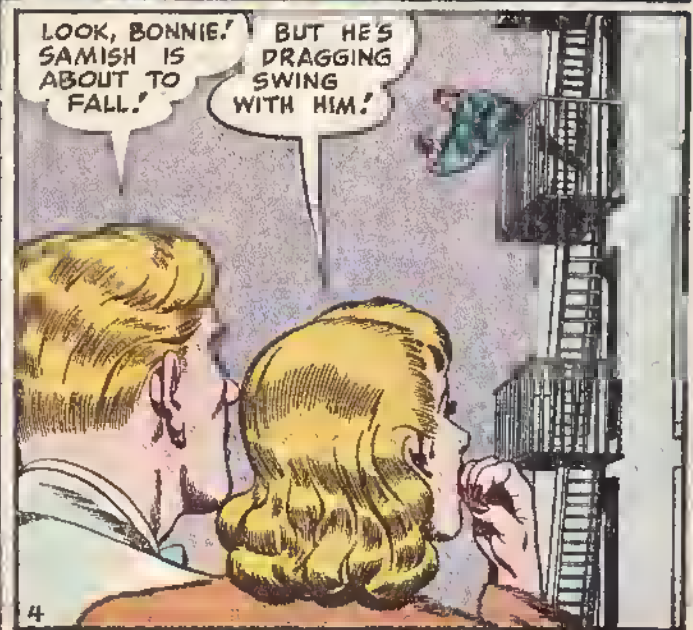
YEAH, VAUDEVILLE! THAT'S WHERE YOU LEARNED TO MISS YOUR TARGET!

HERE I COME!



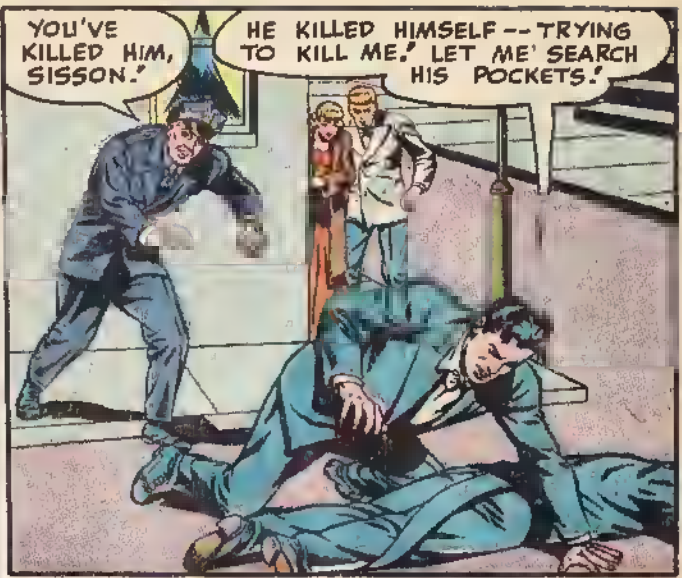
WIRY LITTLE GUY, AREN'T YOU? OKAY, SO WE'LL WRESTLE!

SWING! SWING! IT'S ME-- TOBY!



LOOK, BONNIE! SAMISH IS ABOUT TO FALL!

BUT HE'S DRAGGING SWING WITH HIM!



YOU'VE
KILLED HIM,
SISSON.

HE KILLED HIMSELF -- TRYING
TO KILL ME. LET ME SEARCH
HIS POCKETS.

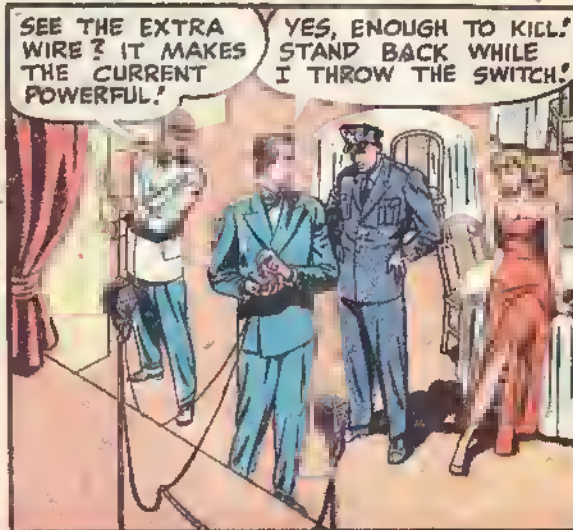


WHAT'S
THAT
THING?

A DIAPHRAM
STRIP FROM A
MICROPHONE.
SEARCH HIM FOR
ANOTHER ONE
LIKE IT!

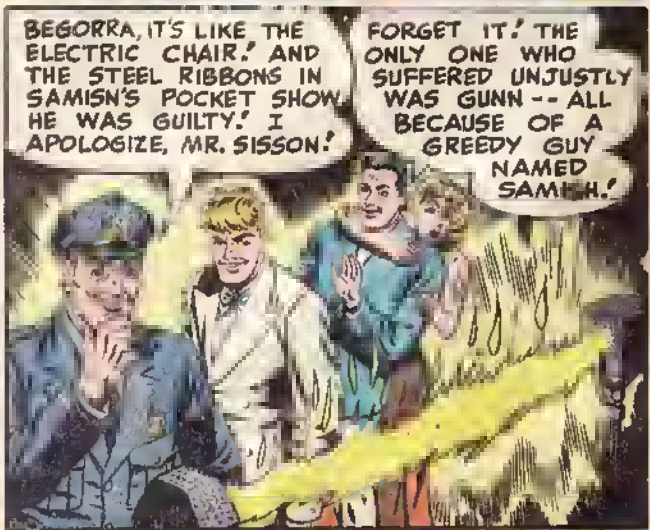
IF THESE STRIPS ARE TAKEN FROM THE
MICROPHONES, A CURRENT CAN BE STEPPED
UP BETWEEN THEM -- IT WILL
KILL ANYBODY IN ITS WAY
LIKE A LIGHTNING FLASH. I REMEMBERED THAT SAMISH
HANDLED THE MIKES -- HE
WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO
HAD A CHANCE TO TAMPER
WITH THE SYSTEM.

I'LL BELIEVE
IT WHEN I
SEE IT.
COME TO
THE CLOVER
CLUB!



SEE THE EXTRA
WIRE? IT MAKES
THE CURRENT
POWERFUL!

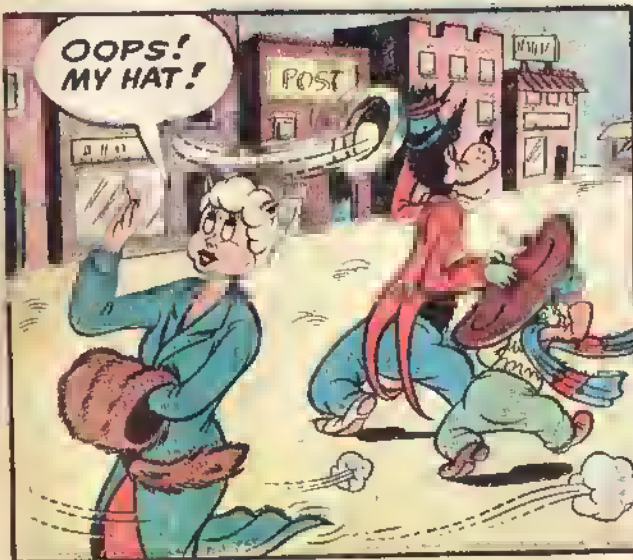
YES, ENOUGH TO KILL!
STAND BACK WHILE
I THROW THE SWITCH!

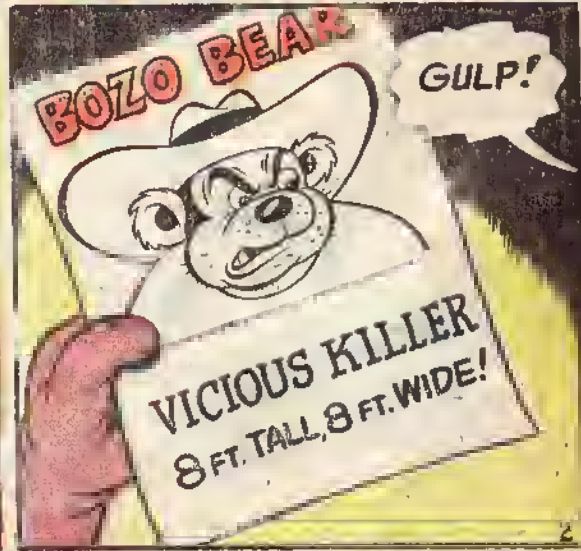
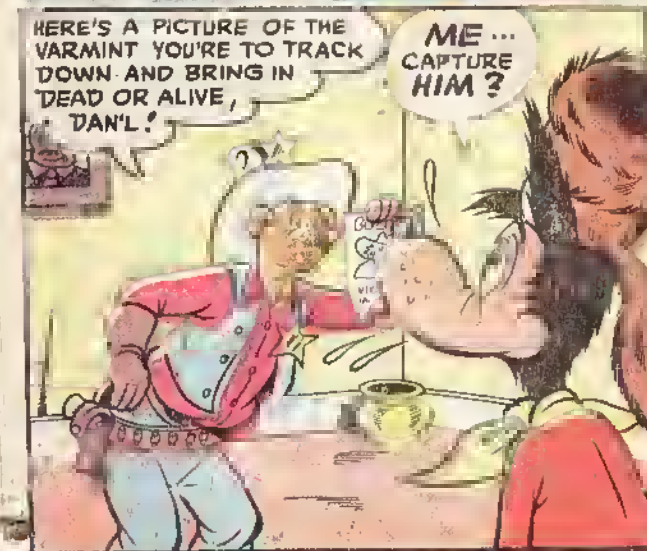
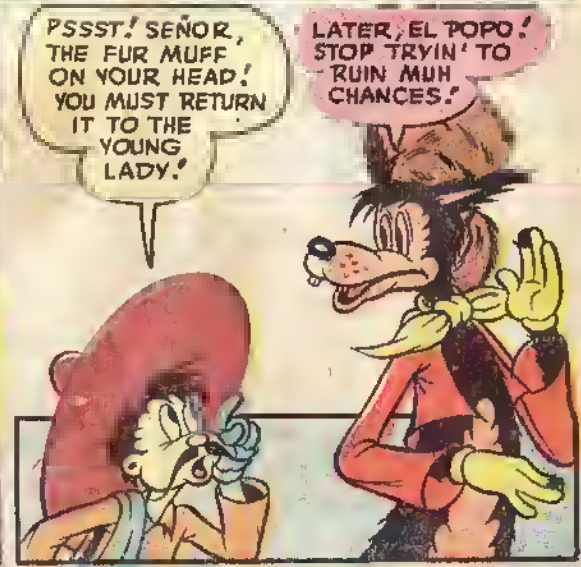
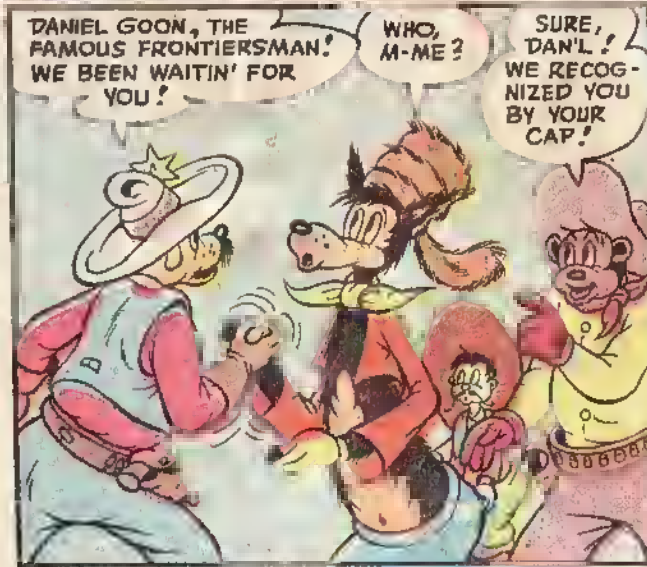


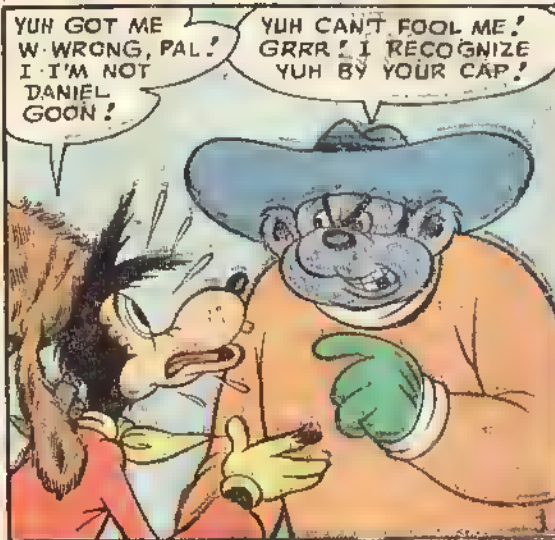
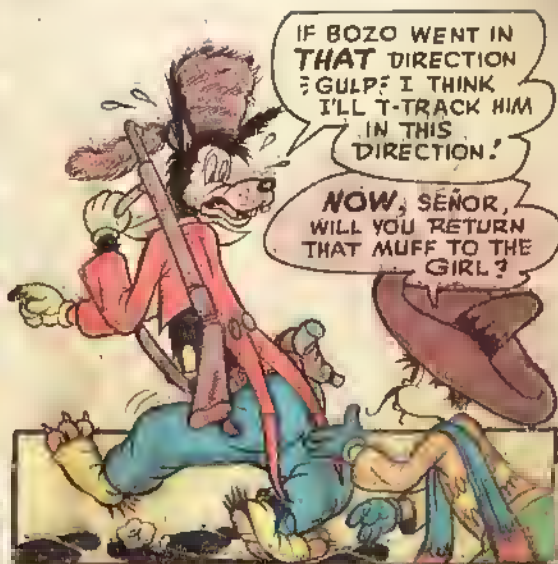
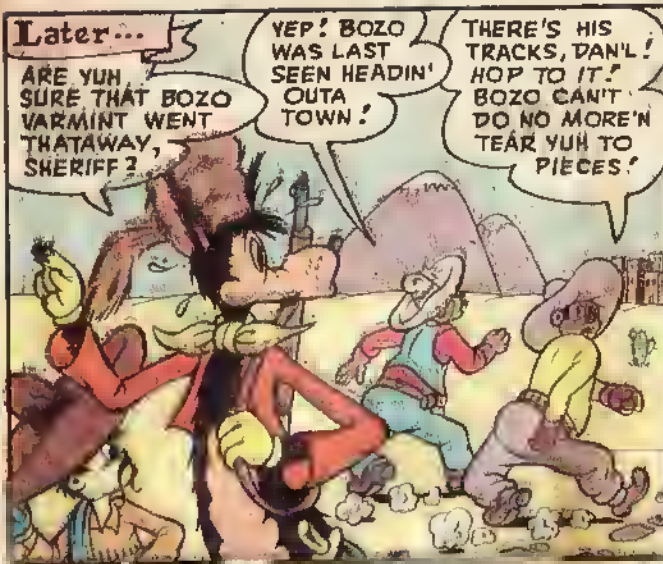
BEGORRA, IT'S LIKE THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR. AND
THE STEEL RIBBONS IN
SAMISH'S POCKET SHOW
HE WAS GUILTY. I
APOLOGIZE, MR. SISSON!

FORGET IT! THE
ONLY ONE WHO
SUFFERED UNJUSTLY
WAS GUNN -- ALL
BECAUSE OF A
GREEDY GUY
NAMED
SAMISH!

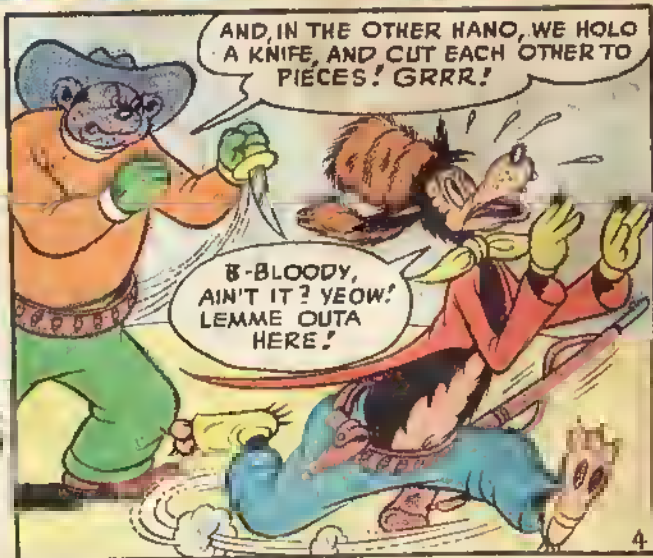
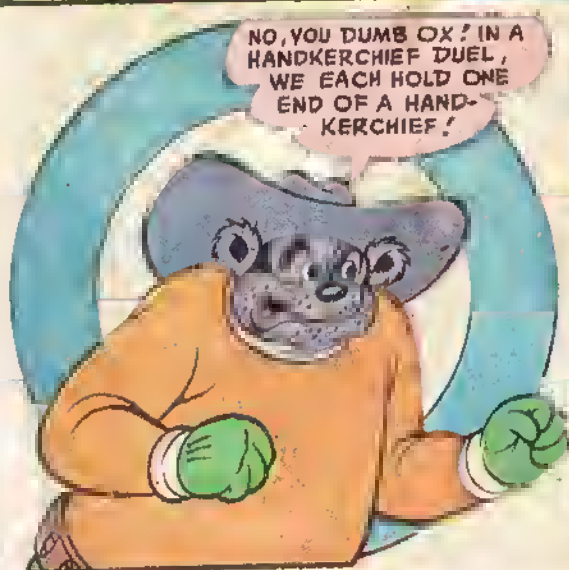
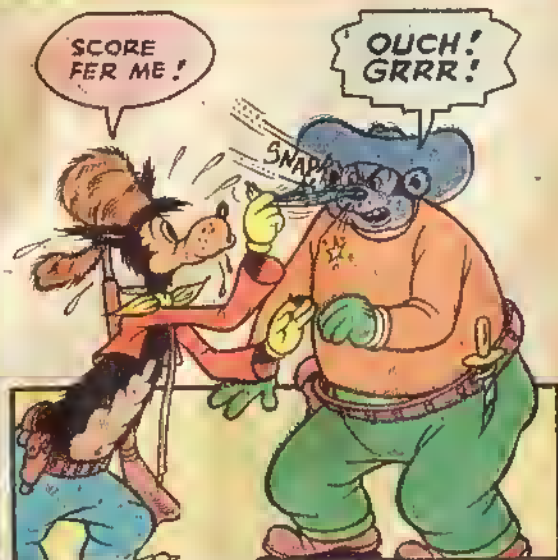
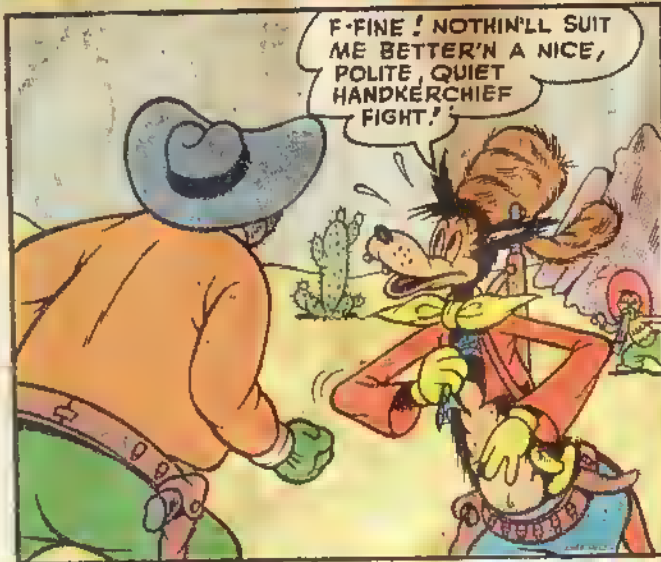
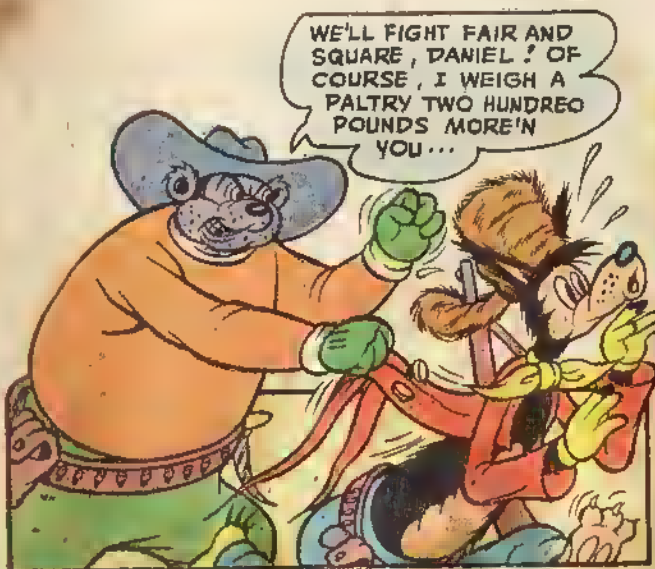
ROSCOE

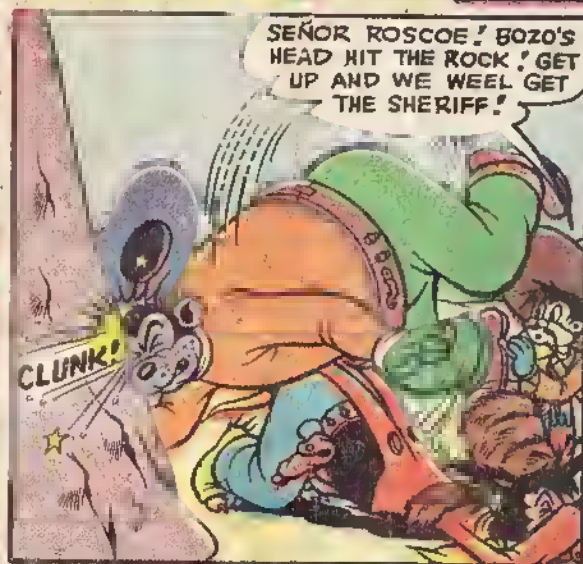
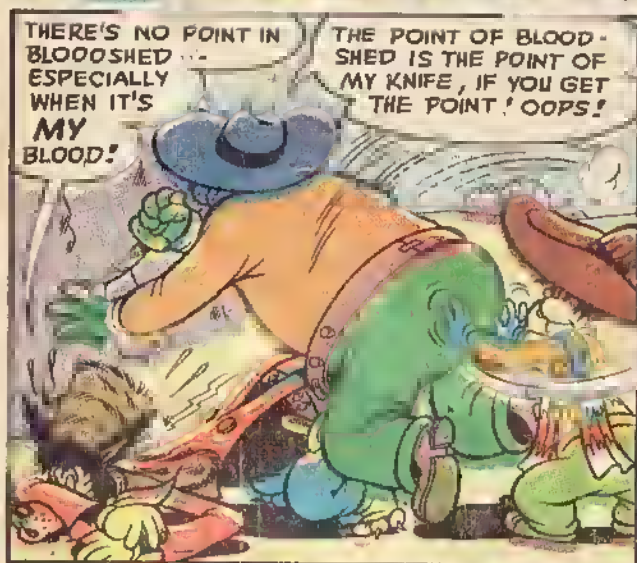
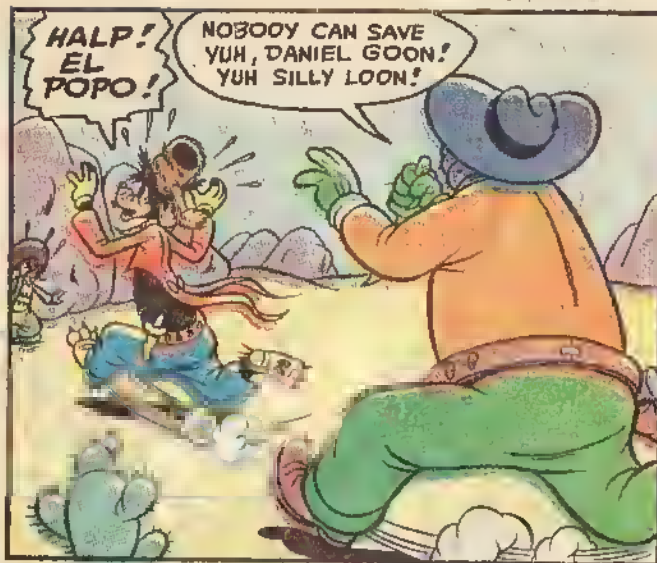






FEATURE COMICS

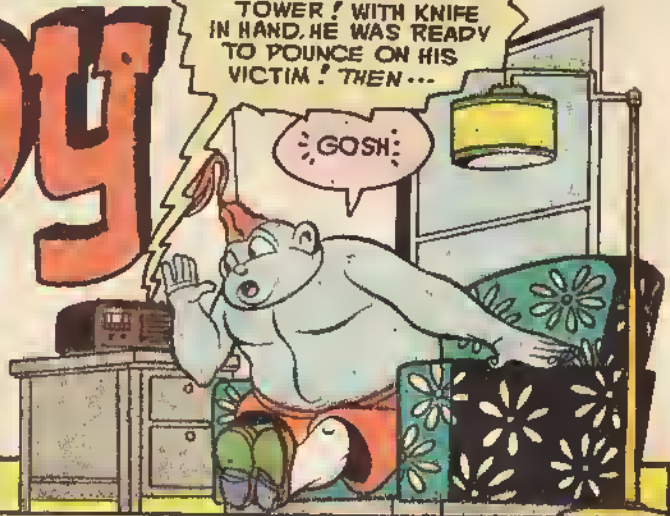




Blimpy

... SLOWLY THE KILLER
CREPT TOWARD THE
TOWER! WITH KNIFE
IN HAND, HE WAS READY
TO POUNCE ON HIS
VICTIM! THEN...

GOSH!



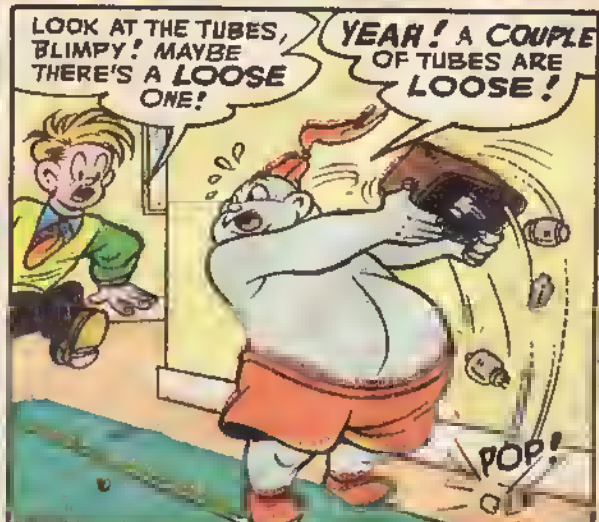
...HE--ZZZ-ZANG...
WHIZZ-ZZZ-EEEE!
WHO-OOO TANG..
'ZIPPING!

STATIC
AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!



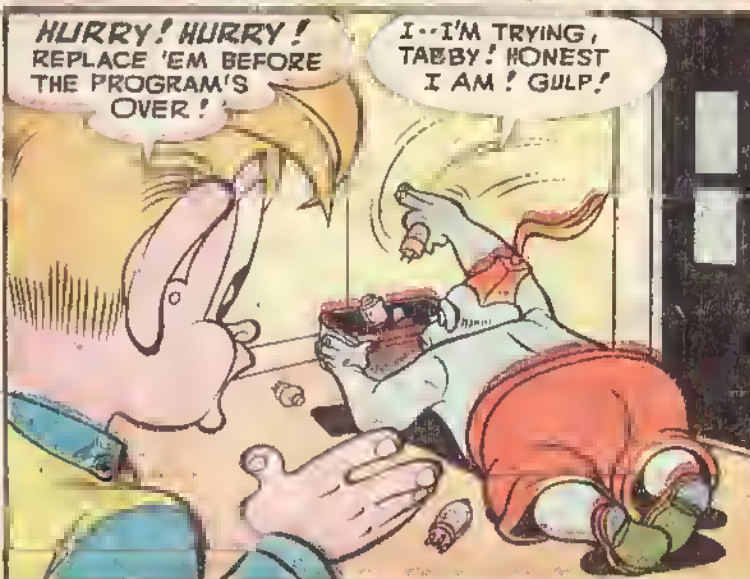
LOOK AT THE TUBES,
BLIMPY! MAYBE
THERE'S A LOOSE
ONE!

YEAR! A COUPLE
OF TUBES ARE
LOOSE!



HURRY! HURRY!
REPLACE 'EM BEFORE
THE PROGRAM'S
OVER!

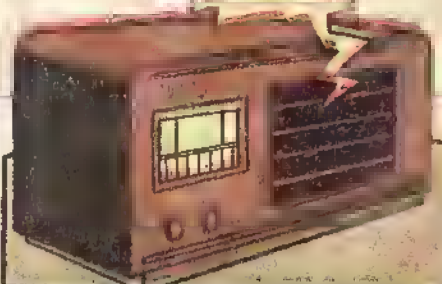
I--I'M TRYING,
TABBY! HONEST
I AM! GULP!

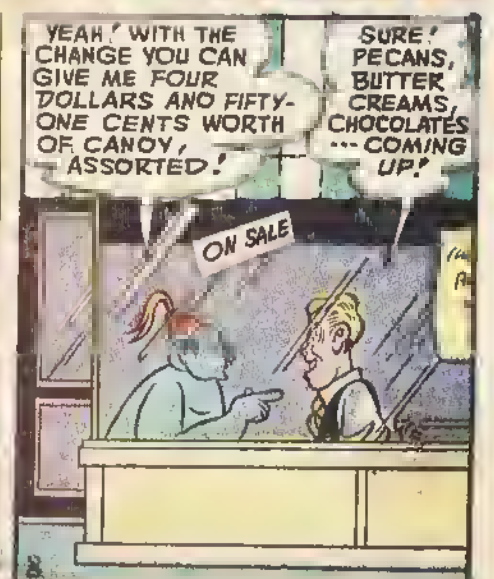
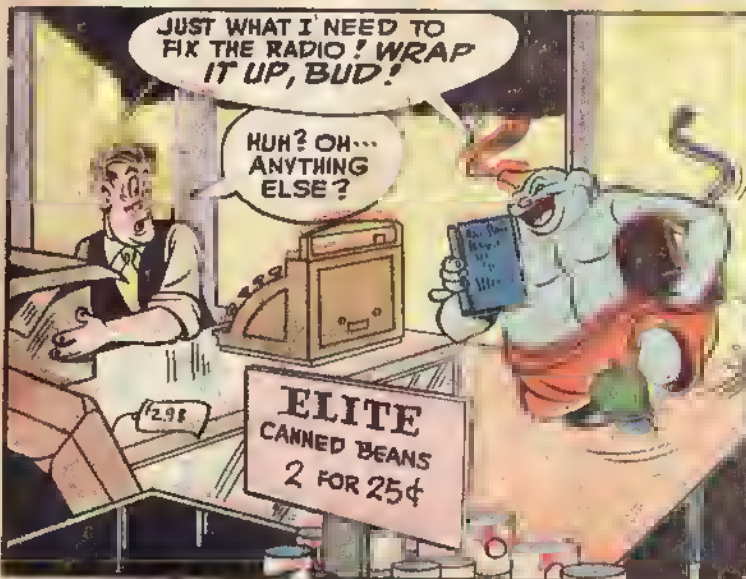
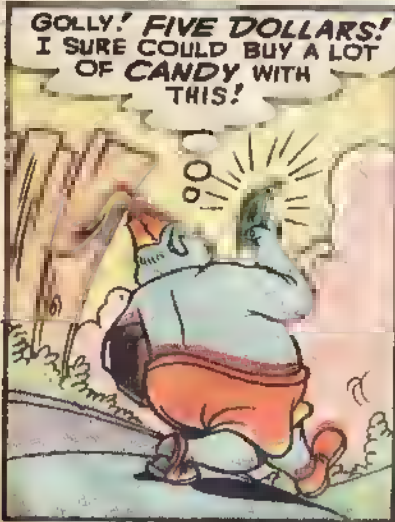
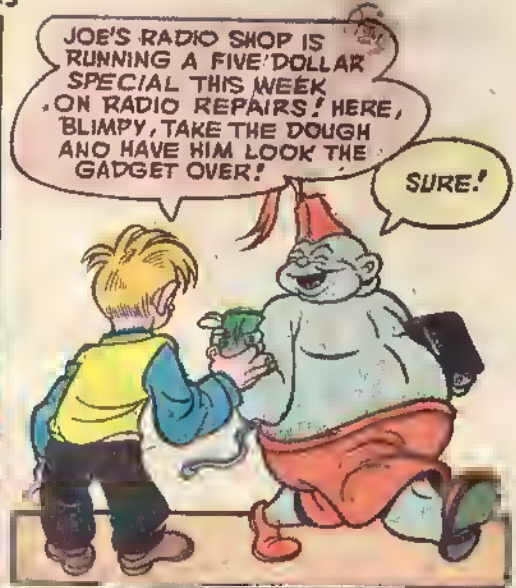
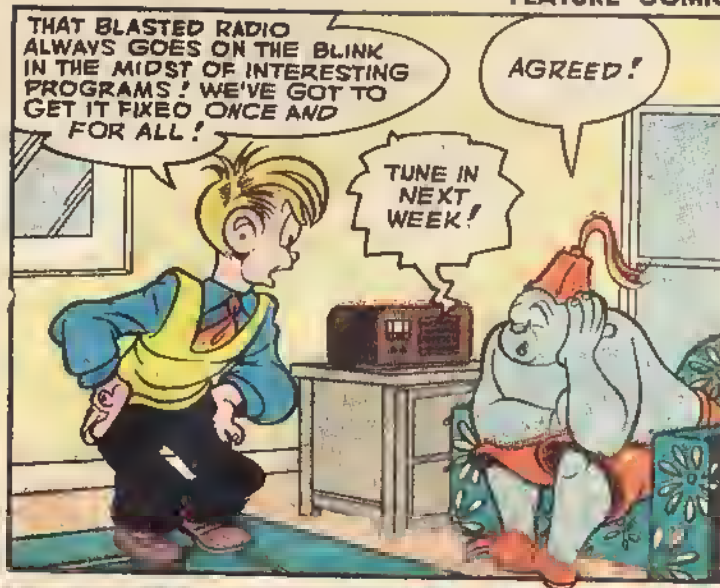


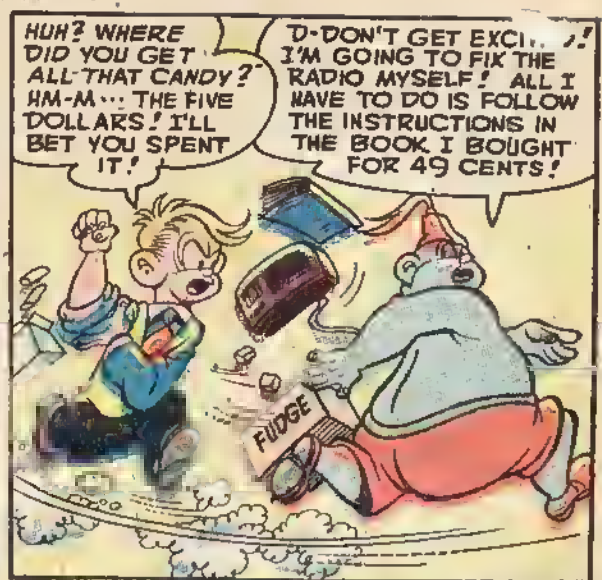
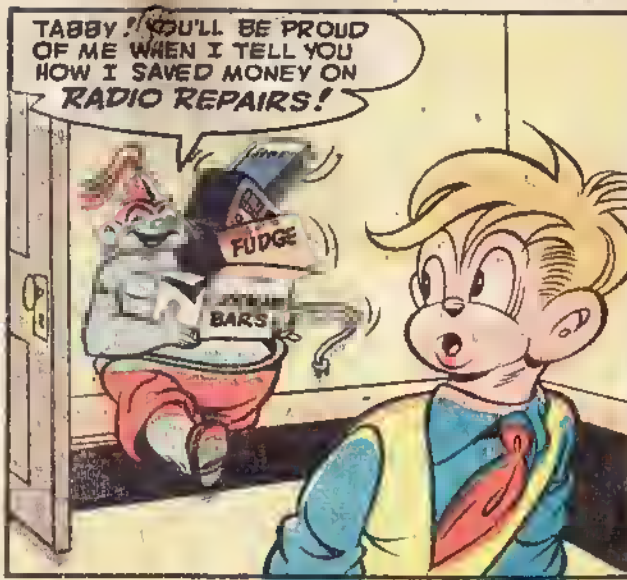
THERE!
FIXED!
WHEW!

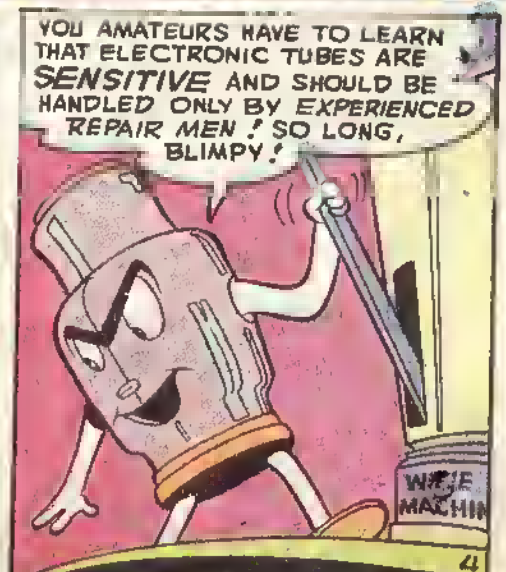
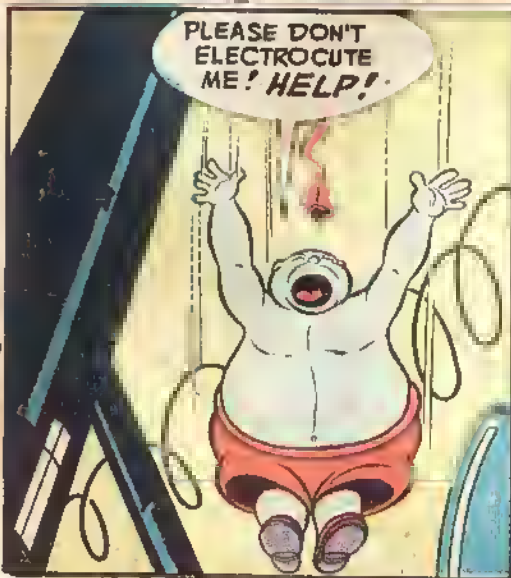
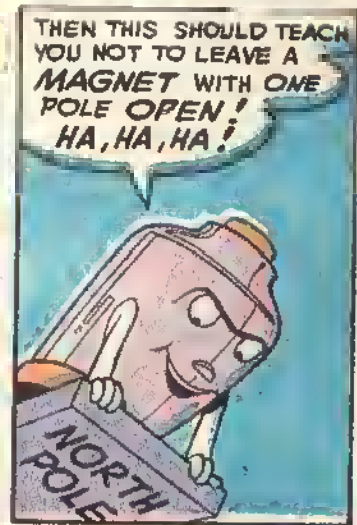
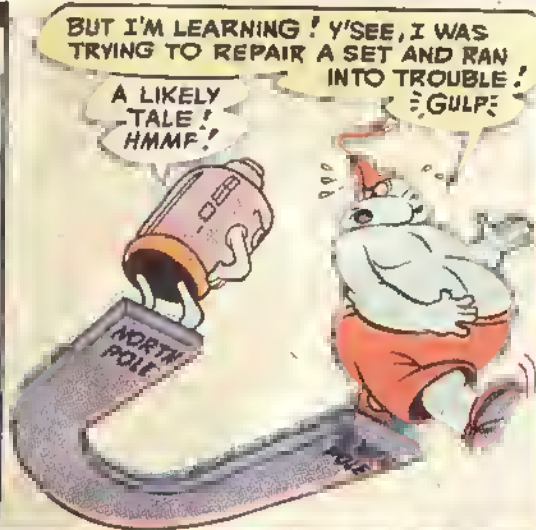
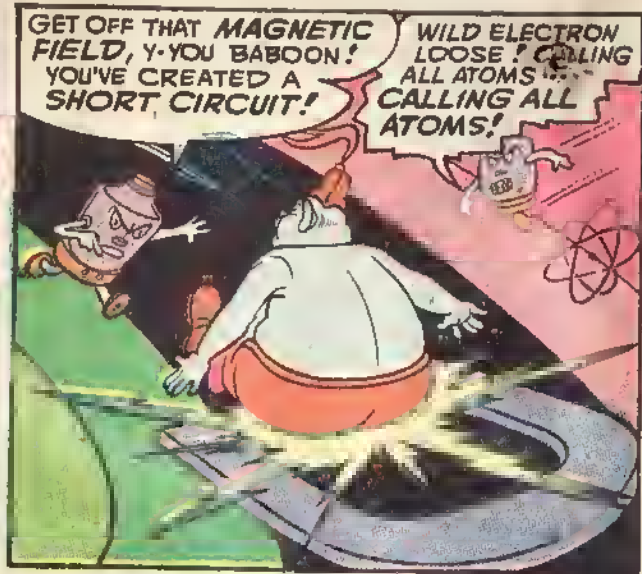
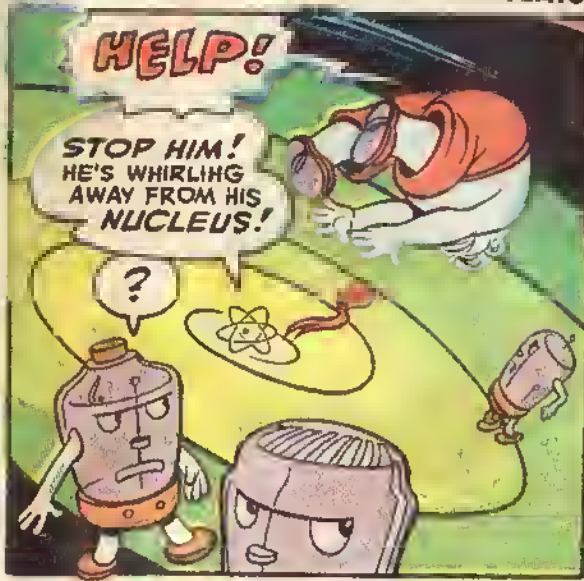
WE MISSED THE
ENDING, BLIMPY!
HMM-FFF!

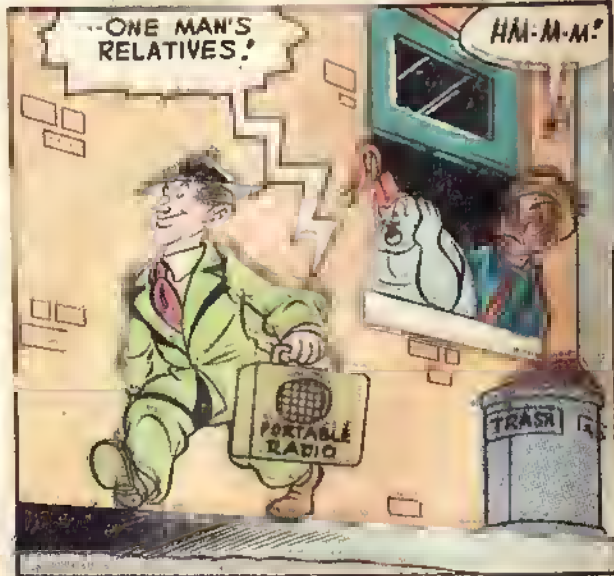
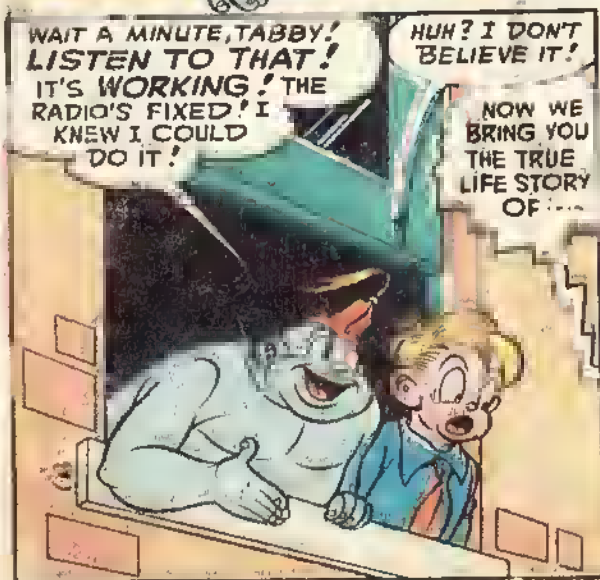
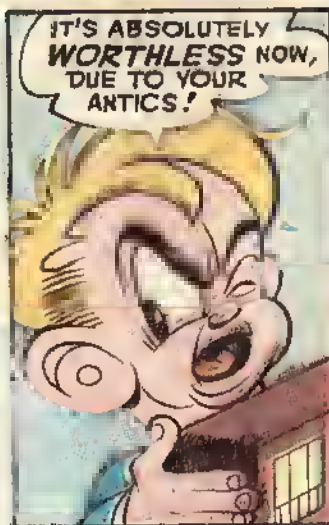
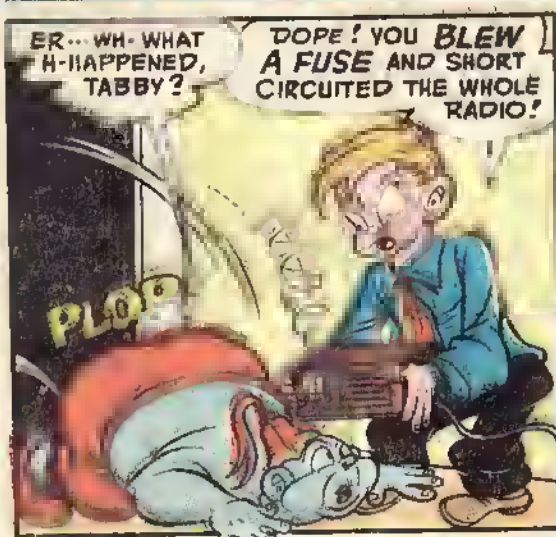
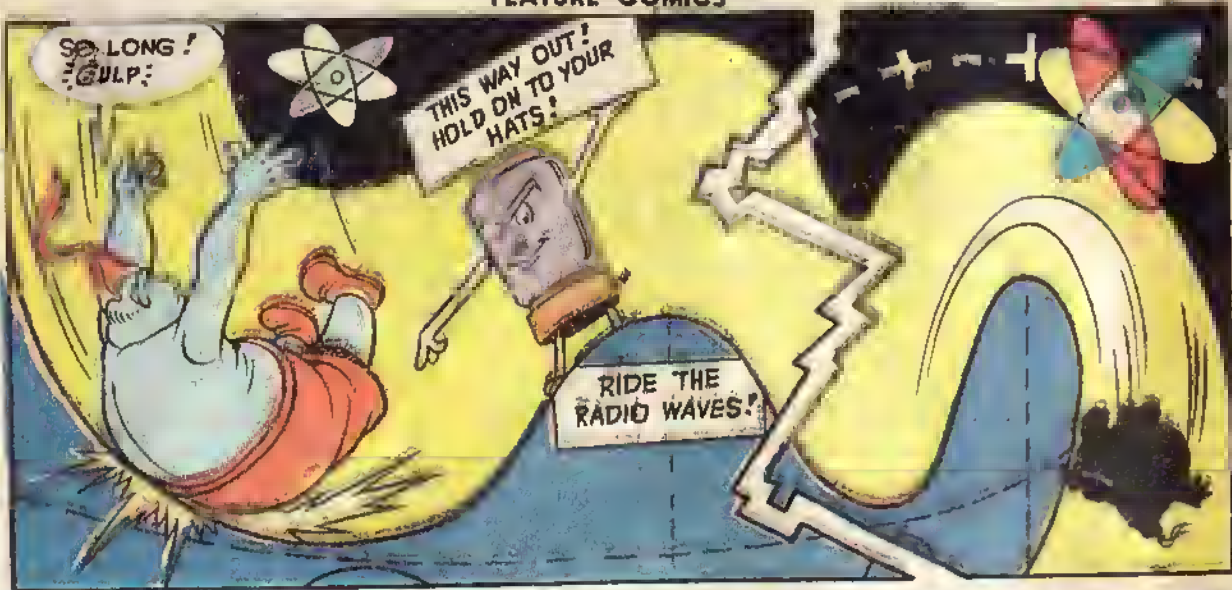
LISTEN AGAIN
NEXT WEEK
TO THE ADVENTURES
OF MR. MYSTERY,
AT THIS SAME
TIME!



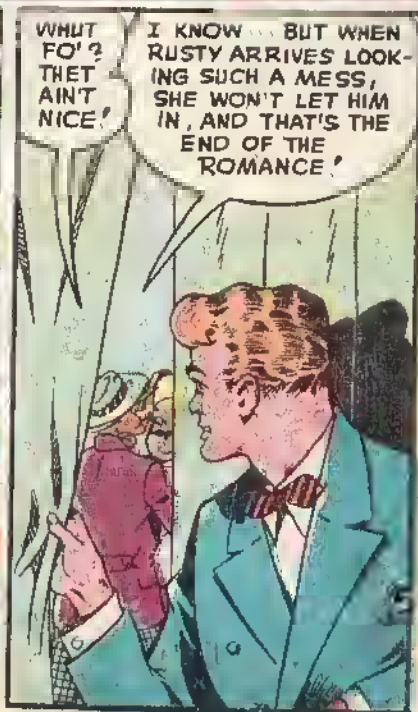


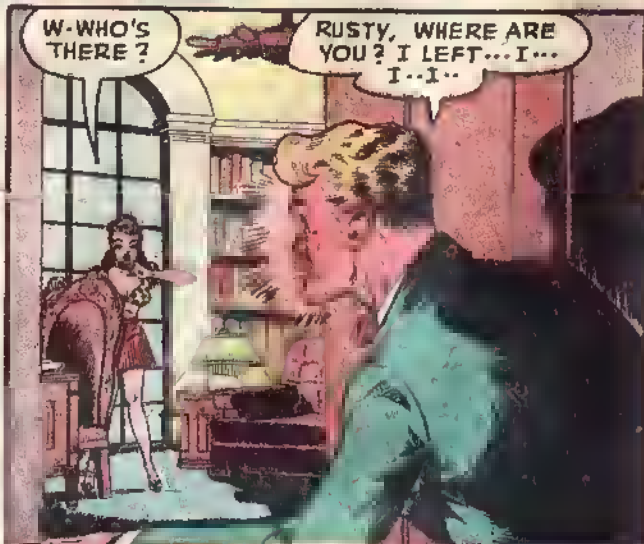
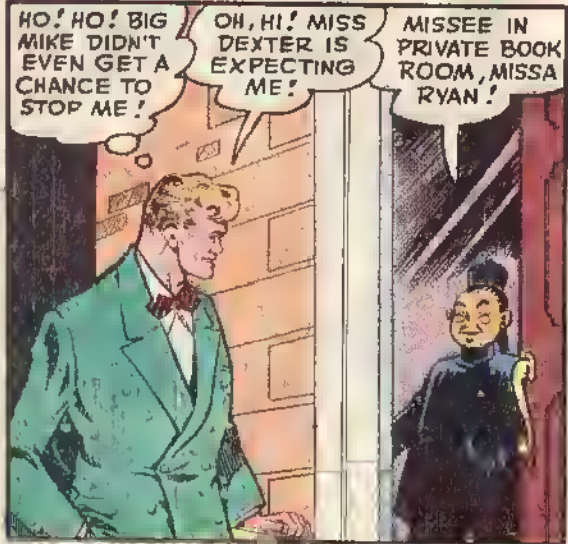
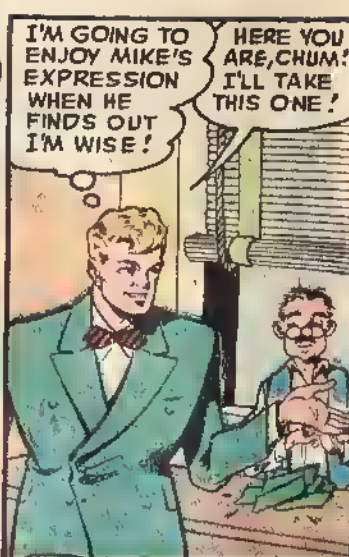


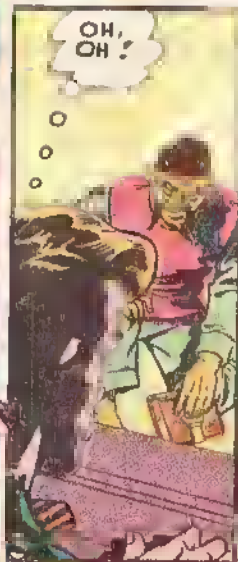
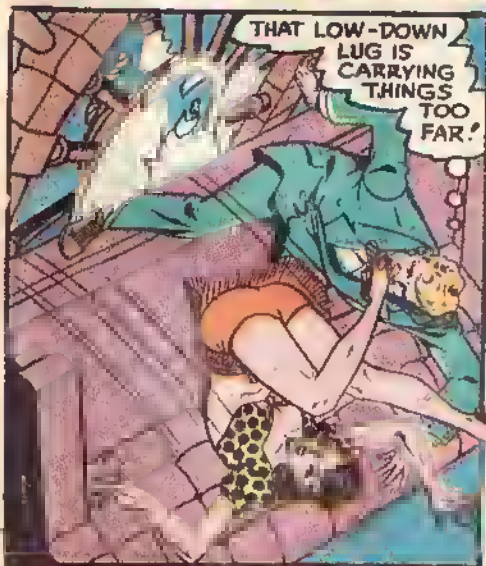
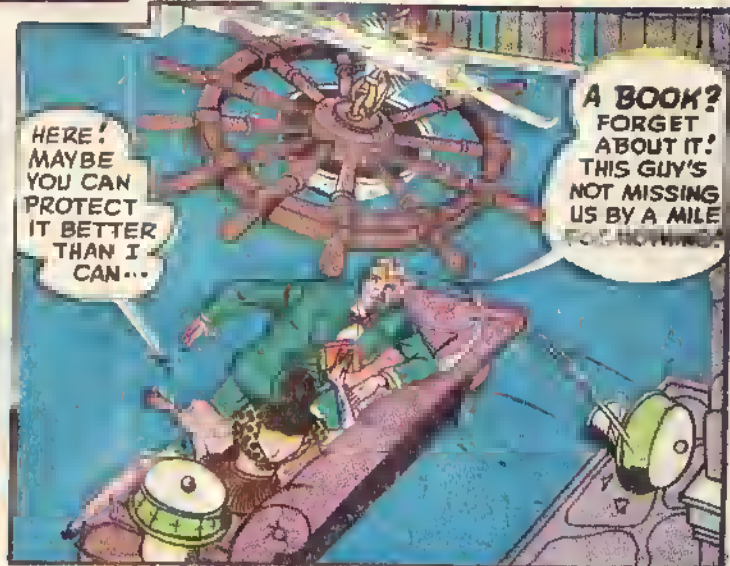
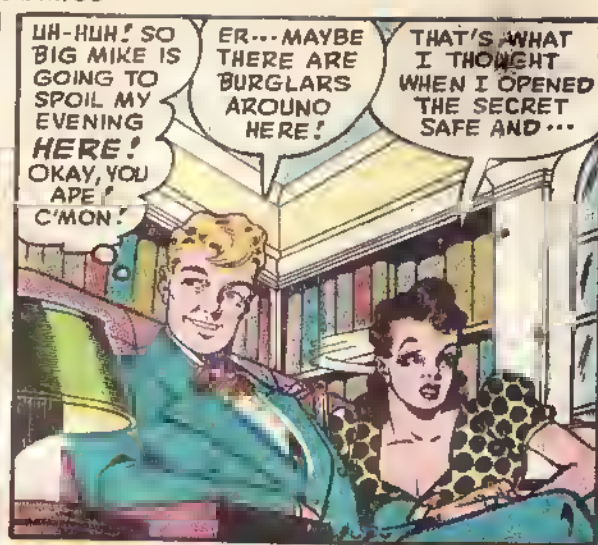
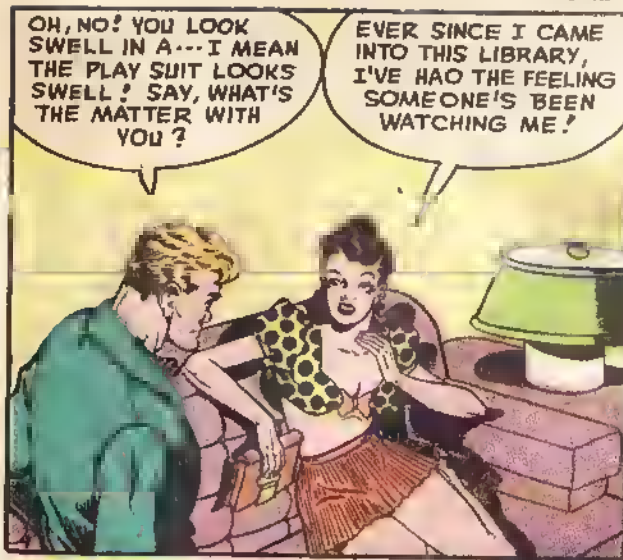


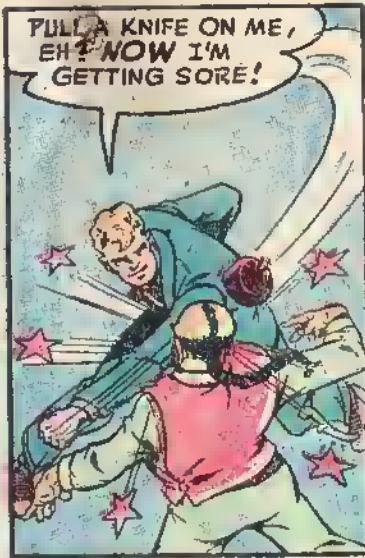


Rusty Ryan









A short while later, in Big Mike's room...



AND--HERE'S ONE FROM ME.. FOR THINKING SOME SCRAWNY TWO BY FOUR LIKE THAT COULD GO TO WORK ON ME!



WHY, YOU DUMB, HOT-HEADED WILDCAT, THE DAY I NEED ANYONE TO HELP ME MESS YOU UP, I'LL BE PUSHING UP DAISIES! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS CRUMB!

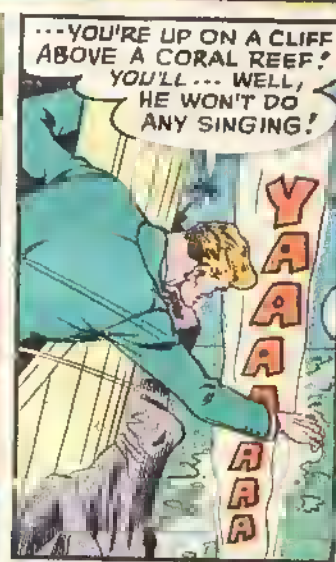


THAT'S TRUE RUSTY! WE WERE TRYING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH BIG MIKE, BUT HE TURNED US DOWN!



WHAT? HEY, WHAT'S THE DIG?

FEATURE COMICS



CATALINA KIDNAPPERS

CATALINA Island never looked so good to Darrel Dane. The hump of the island rose out of the low mists off the Pacific, where gulls soared and dived for fish. Trim little yachts and sail boats rode in the harbor. And against the verdant green backdrop, the Casino and St. Catherine Hotel made a white glare in the sun.

"Beautiful!" said Darrel to nobody in particular. "First time I've been here since the War Department took it over as a training center. I'll just go up to the cabana and wait for Martha's plane."

Darrel wandered up the sloping sand, past numerous colorful little shops and eateries. Yes, old Catalina was going great guns again, and the usual crowds were there.

It wasn't often that Darrel Dane found time for a bit of vacation. But he was hoping for a week of perfect ease. He knew Martha Roberts would love it.

"Too bad Dr. Roberts can't join us," said Darrel. "He works too hard."

Dr. Roberts was Martha's father. He was also one of the eminent scientists of his time. But like Darrel he found little time for taking it easy.

There would be plenty to do for him, and Martha never found anything boring. They would swim and fish and ride in the glass-bottomed boat, and go hiking over the hills.

Darrel settled down to a newspaper, stretching luxuriously in the shade of an acacia tree that mushroomed over his cabana. This was the life!

Two hours passed. A cool breeze was coming up in the west, shaking the leaves of the acacia. Darrel sat up suddenly and glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Four-thirty," he said. "Say, Martha's plane is late. Should've been here at three-fifty-five. I guess I'd better go down to the depot and check on the time."

He got up and strolled down to the terminal. And got the shock of his life. The Catalina

plane had left its Terminal Island dock on time. The flight only took 15 minutes. It was long overdue.

No, the radio man said, he had received no word from the pilot.

Darrel began worrying after another half hour had passed. An hour went by.

"Listen," he told the radioman, "get in touch with that plane. Something must be wrong."

"I'm sorry, sir," said that worthy. "I've been trying to contact the plane for an hour. I get no answer."

Cold fear gripped Darrel. He loved Martha. Could that fool plane have crashed into the sea? If so, it was a good bet that no one had seen it. The Channel holds little lure for small boats, even though it is only 22 miles across.

"Then send someone out!" cried Darrel. "What are you waiting on? There's been an accident!"

"I'm afraid so, sir," replied the radioman, removing his earphones and standing up. "I'll call the Coast Guard."

Darrel walked up and down the small platform in front of the depot. His thoughts were going crazy. Here he was, hands tied, while Martha might well be battling with the waves out in the Channel. He looked up as he heard a plane roaring overhead, far up.

"Couldn't be it," he told himself. "Some private plane."

Yet he had the odd feeling that it wasn't a private plane. Could it be the ancient Catalina boat? He shook his head. No. The pilot wouldn't fly that high. He wouldn't have any reason to be up there at all. His dock was in the harbor.

The radioman came out of the building. "The Coast Guard has ordered out boats, sir," he said. "I'm sure we'll hear soon."

Darrel thanked the man, and went back to pacing the platform.

When Martha Roberts stepped aboard the old seaplane at Terminal Island, she noticed that there were only two other passengers. Funny,

FEATURE COMICS

she thought. They used to fly full-packed. Oh well, maybe people prefer going by boat.

She took her seat, snapped her belt, and the lumbering plane got underway. It required a long run over the choppy waves before it tumbled into the air. Then they were off, the ocean falling away below them.

The two passengers Martha had noticed were men. When they were flying at about 3000, one of the men got up and strode determinedly toward the pilot's cabin. He pushed the door open, stepped inside, and closed it again. Martha felt the plane give a lurch. Then it settled down to an easy flight. The man didn't come out.

Martha glanced around at the other man. He was just arising to his feet, small mean eyes looking at her.

"Sit still, lady," he ordered. "Give me no trouble an' you won't be hurt."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Martha angrily.

The man grinned. "You ain't goin' to Catalina Island, lady," the man told her. "You're goin' with Mike an' me. Your old man'll pay a nice penny to get you back."

Martha gulped. "You mean— Are you kidnapping me?"

"That's right, lady. Now just take it easy till Mike gets this heap to where we're goin'."

At that moment Mike stuck his head around the door frame. "Say, Lang, this crate's almost out o' gas! We gotta land!"

"Land where?" demanded Lang.

Mike said, "Well, we're right over Catalina. We can drop down on the west side where nobody lives, and probably dig up some gas. Got to anyway."

Mike drew his head back and Martha felt the plane dip downward. Then they were smack in the water on Catalina's west edge. Martha knew that this was wild country, with very few people. What was she to do? Darrel would be frantic.

"No word yet," said the radioman to Darrel's query. "Can't imagine what happened."

Darrel had a sudden thought. "That plane that went over a few minutes ago. Could the pilot have overshot the island?"

"Well, it's possible, but not probable. He's been flying this route for years."

Darrel wasn't satisfied. "But the sound of

his engine died just as he flew over. Maybe he came down. How can one get to the other side?"

"There's one road, pretty rough, to Chinese Point," said the radioman. "I've got a car here. If you want to try it, come hop in."

In a moment they were jolting up a long grade. At the top, Darrel pointed. "There she is! That's the sea plane, isn't it?"

The radioman nodded his head. "It's her, all right. Now I wonder what—"

"Step on it, man!" snapped Darrel.

They reached the bottom of the hump at last, and not a quarter-mile from where the seaplane bobbed near shore. The sun was still an hour high. As they leaped out of the car, Darrel saw the flash of a gun barrel in the hands of a man standing on the ship's pontoon. The man hailed them:

"Stay back! Come any closer an' I'll let you have it!"

"Say," said Darrel, "what is this?"

"That's not the pilot," said the radioman.

"Stay here," ordered Darrel. He dashed into the bushes along the road. Then, with a great effort of will, he concentrated the molecules of his body. In a second Darrel Dane was a tiny mite hardly a foot high—the Doll Man!

Hurrying through the tall weeds, the Doll Man at last reached the water. He found a small piece of driftwood, climbed on it, and began paddling toward the plane. The man stood there holding his rifle, unable to see the tiny figure clinging to a bit of wood.

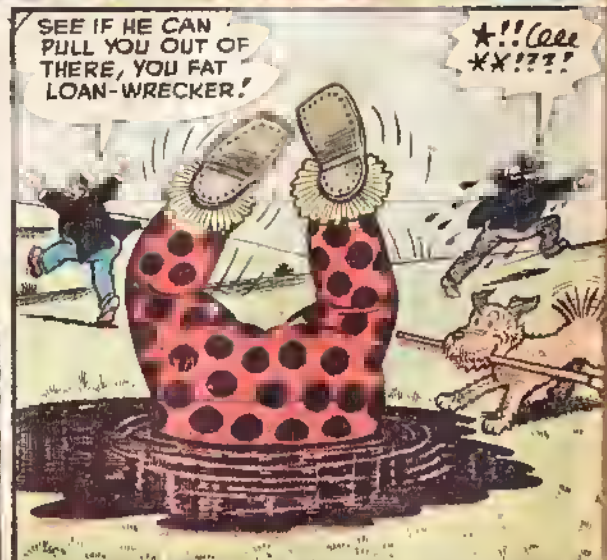
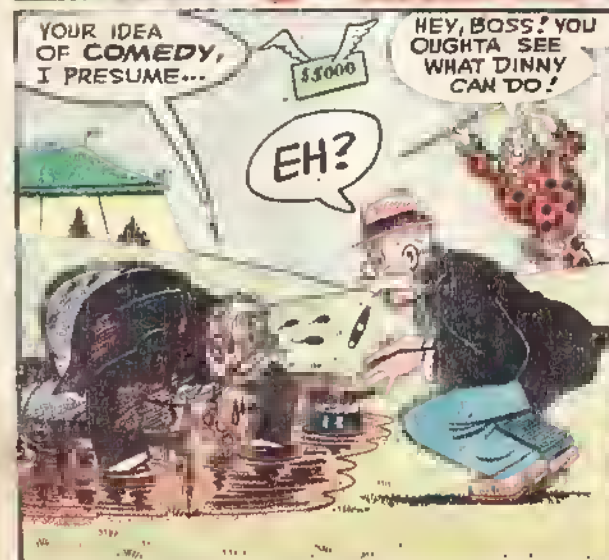
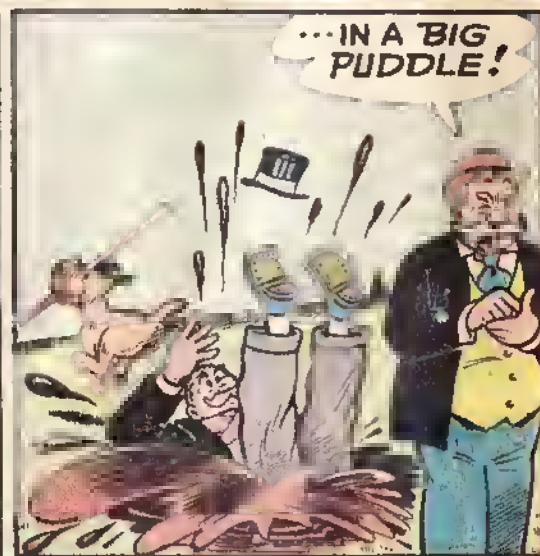
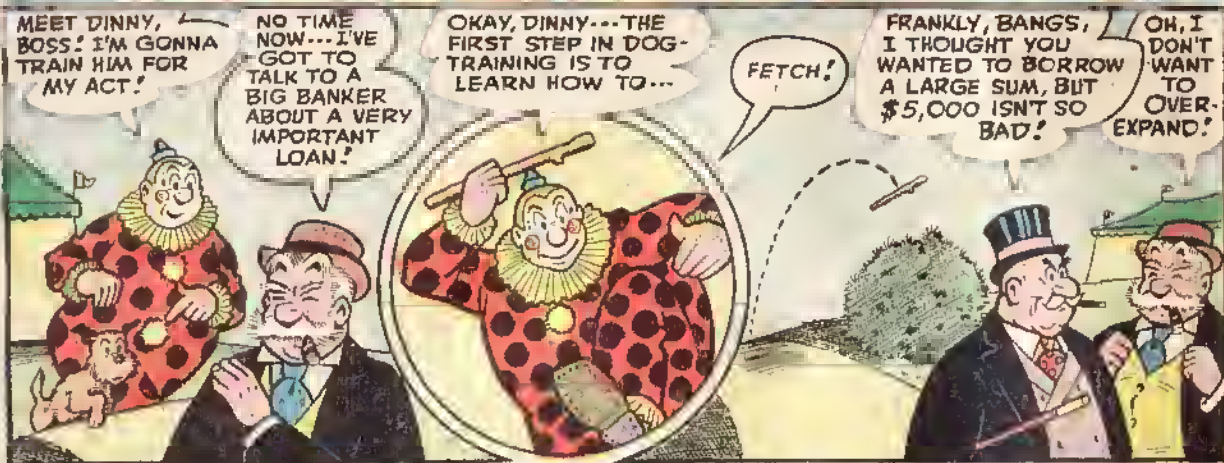
Suddenly his right leg buckled at the knee, as the Doll Man hit it in a powerful leap. The thing lost his balance and tumbled into the water. The Doll Man went after him, knocking him out and dragging him back onto the pontoon. "That'll hold you till I see what's going on here," he said.

"Martha!" the Doll Man called, just before he again assumed his normal size. He heard her answer from inside. He found her in the cabin, tied up, with the real pilot in a like predicament.

"They were kidnapping me," sobbed Martha. "But they ran out of gas and had to land here."

Darrel nodded. "It's all right now, darling—we'll wait here till the other man comes then they'll have a Catalina vacation—behind bars!"

BIG TOP



BIG TOP

THE BOSS SAYS IF I CAN PERSUADE OUR STAR TURKISH WRESTLER NOT TO QUIT... HE'LL DO BIG THINGS FOR ME... A FAT RAISE MAYBE!

I'LL SOFTEN HIM UP FIRST WITH A NICE RESTAURANT MEAL...

HEY, ABDUL!

Later...

AND TWO TRIPLES SIRLOIN STEAK, SMODDER WIT' WENISON, A BIG BUCKET CAVIAR, ONE TUB FULLA WINE AND ALL DA VEGETABLES AND FEEH IN DA KITCHEN TO START...



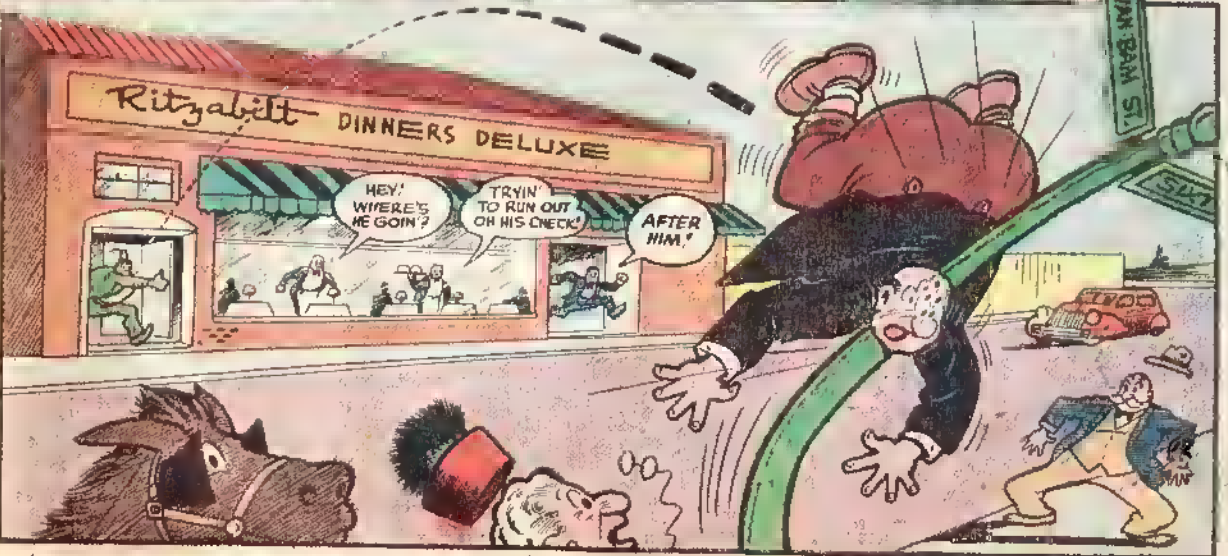
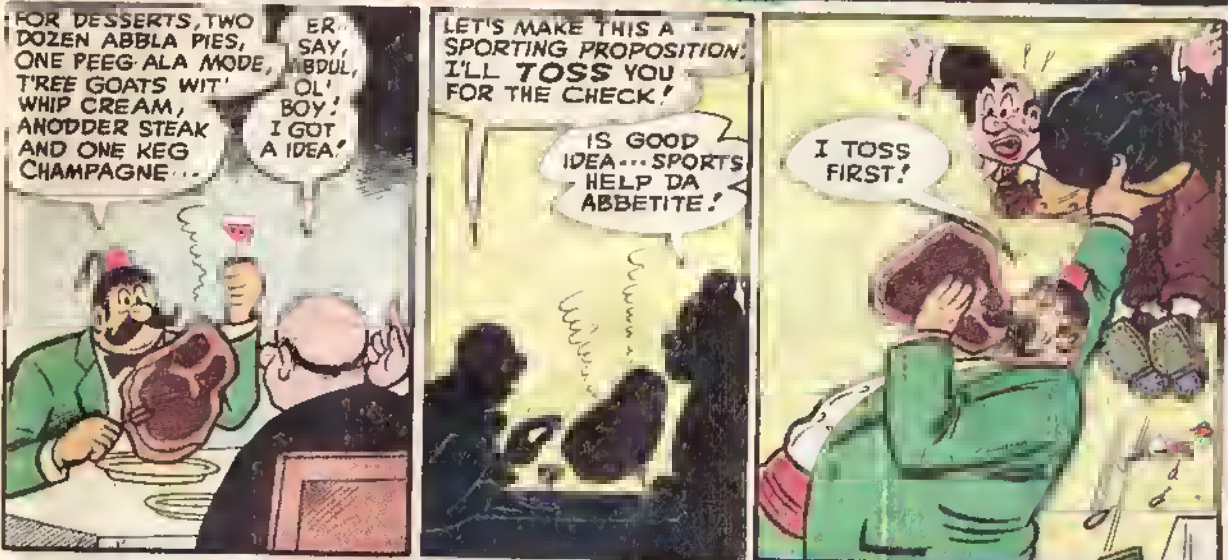
FOR DESSERTS, TWO DOZEN ABBLA PIES, ONE PEEG-ALA MODE, TREE GOATS WIT' WHIP CREAM, ANODDER STEAK AND ONE KEG CHAMPAGNE...

ER, SAY, ABDUL, OL' BOY! I GOT A IDEA!

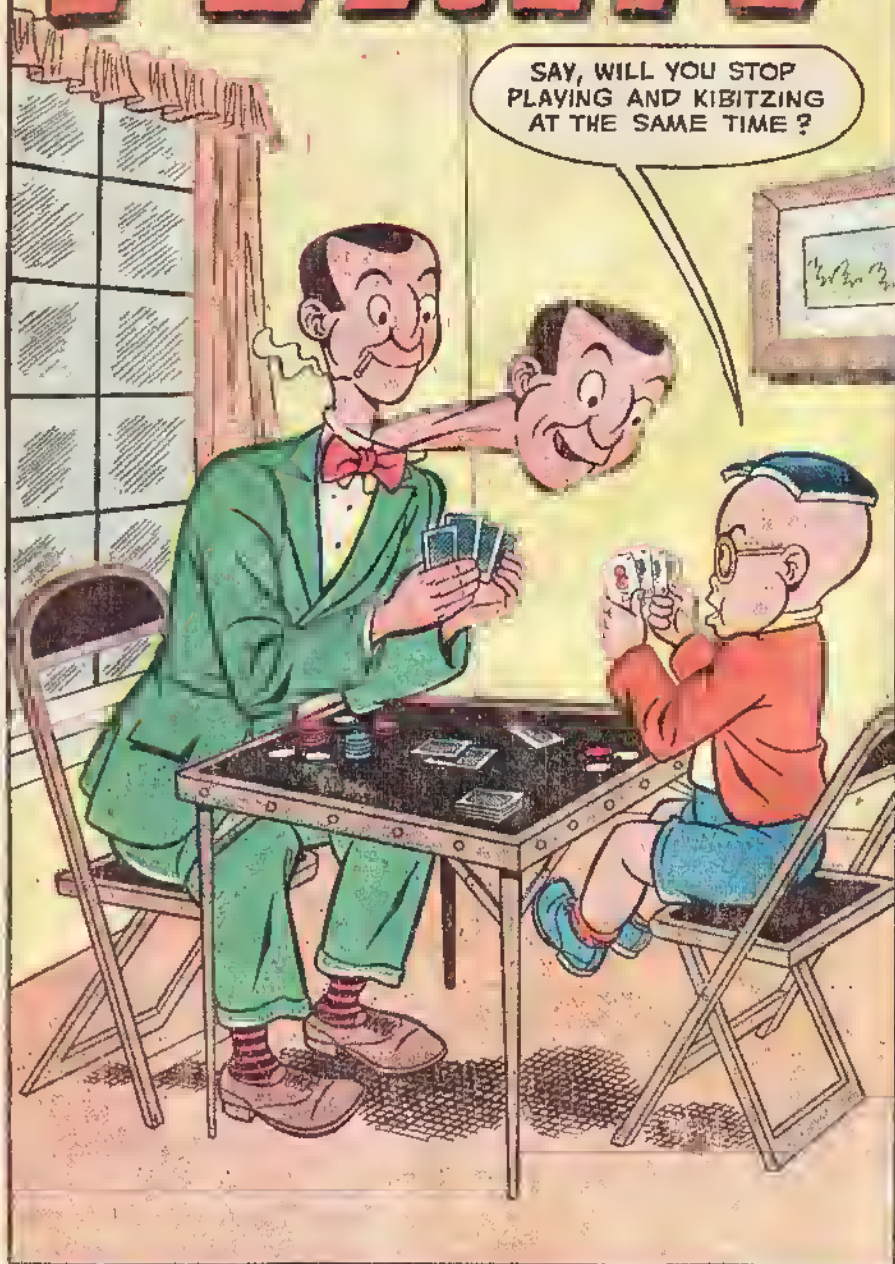
LET'S MAKE THIS A SPORTING PROPOSITION. I'LL TOSS YOU FOR THE CHECK!

IS GOOD IDEA... SPORTS HELP DA ABGETITE!

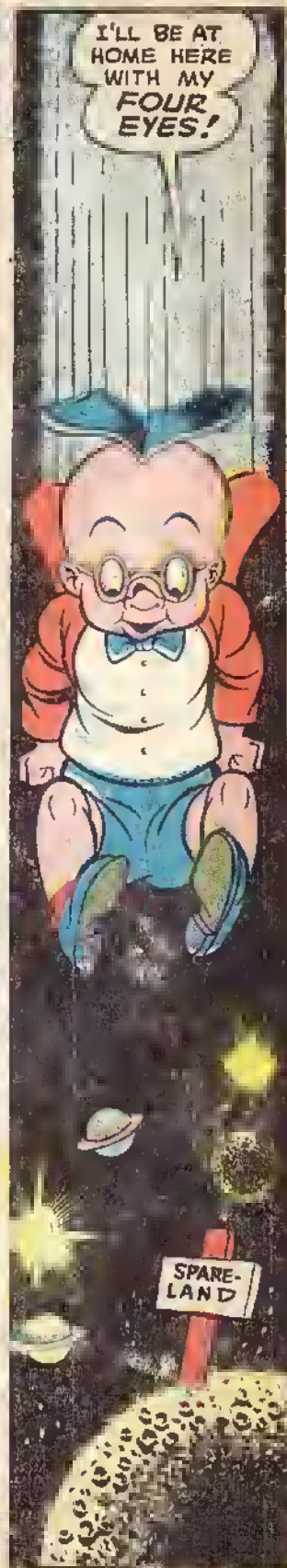
I TOSS FIRST!

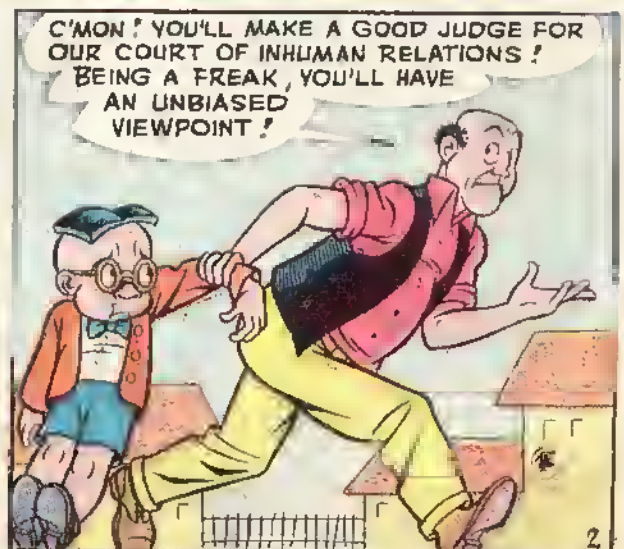
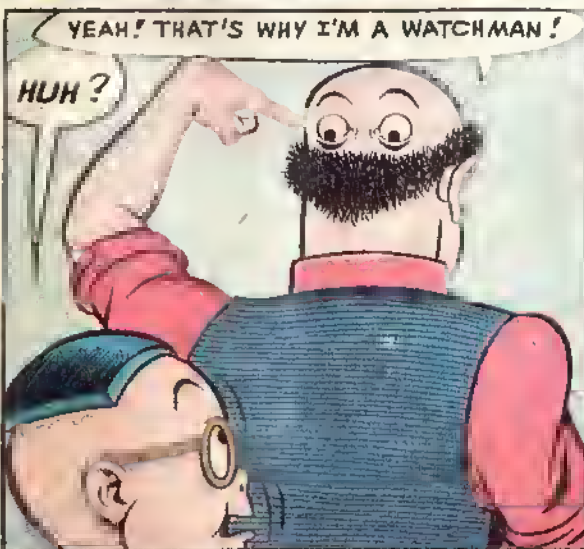
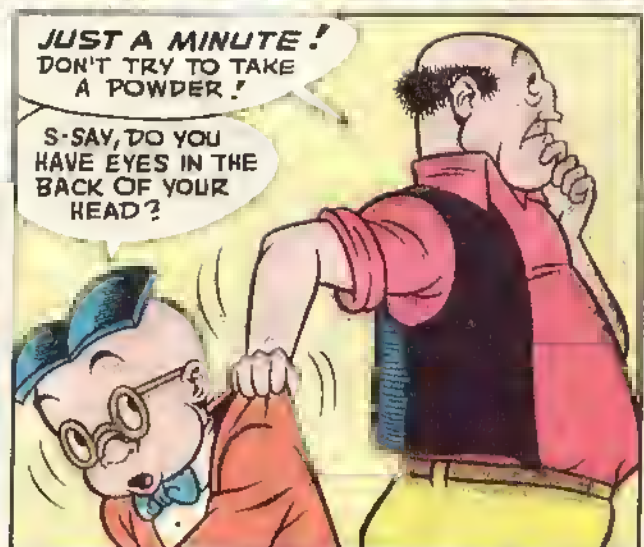
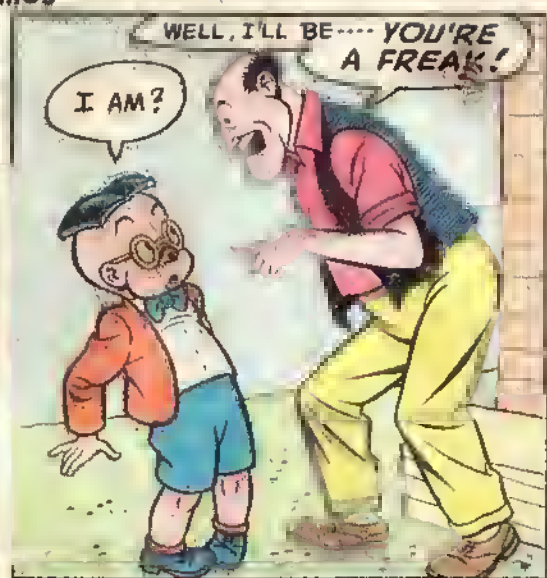
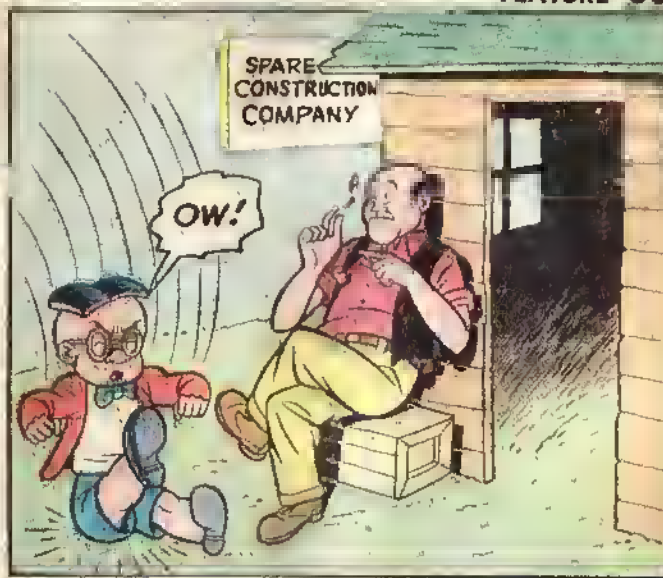


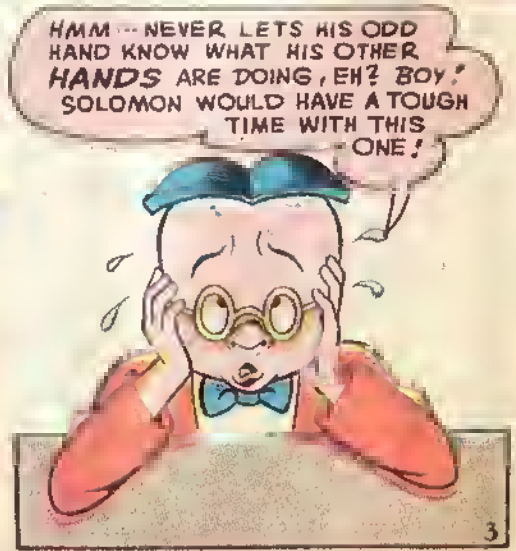
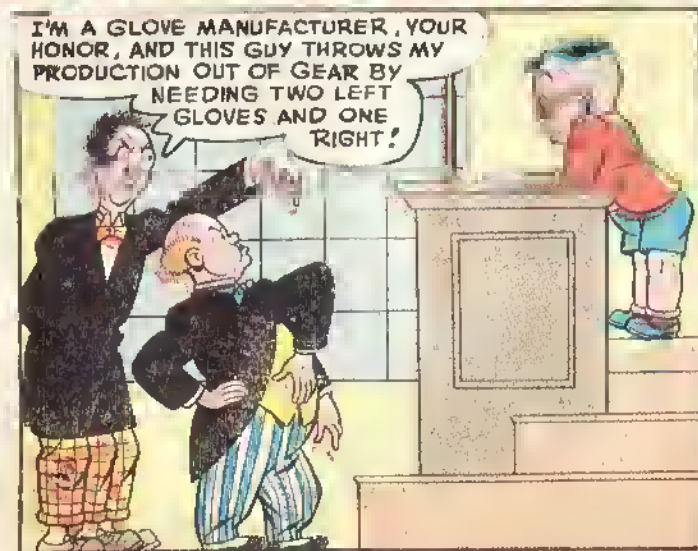
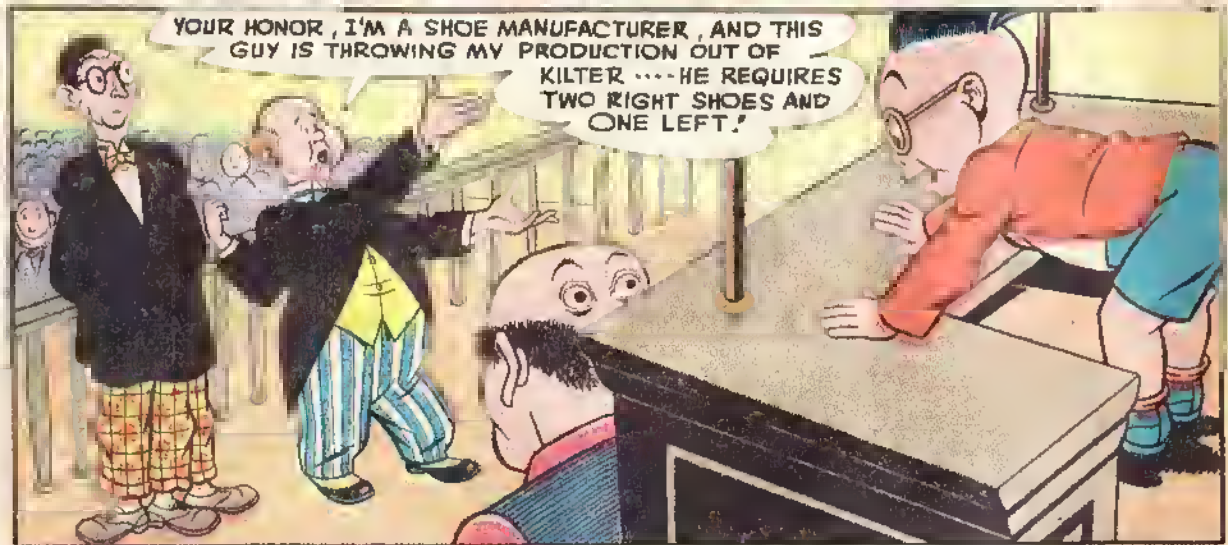
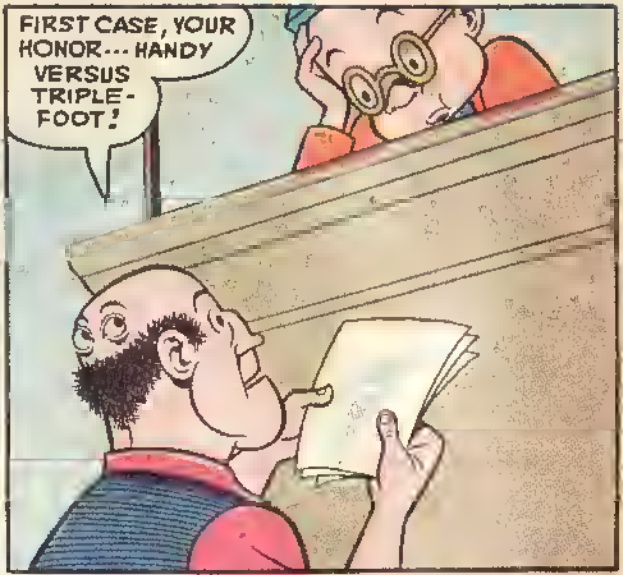
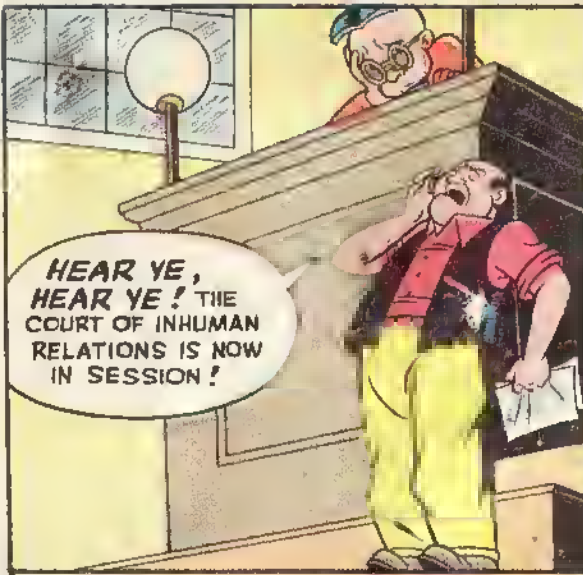
PERKY

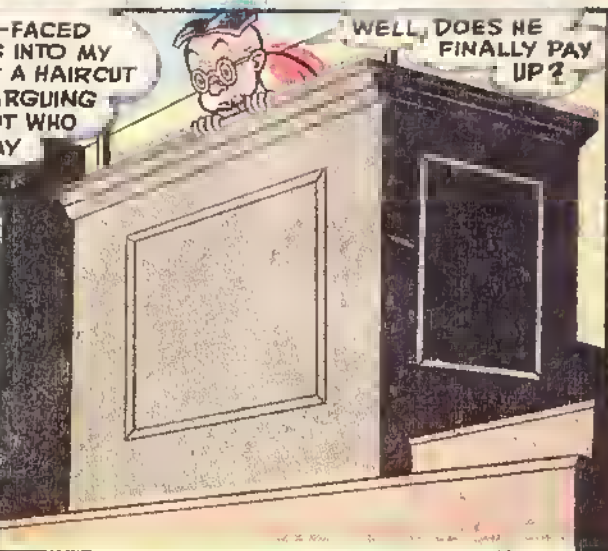
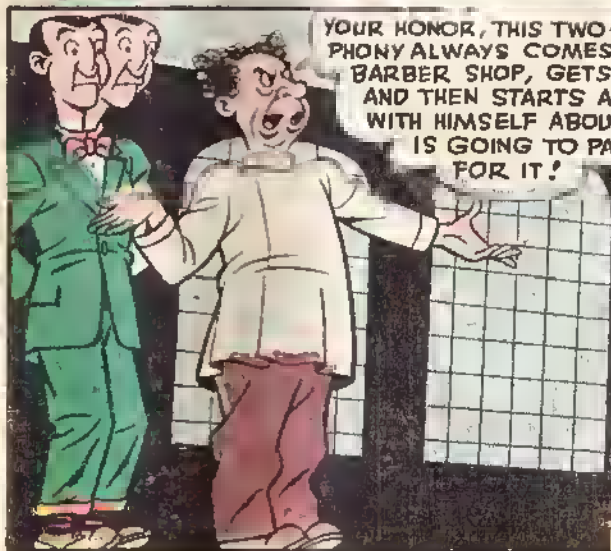
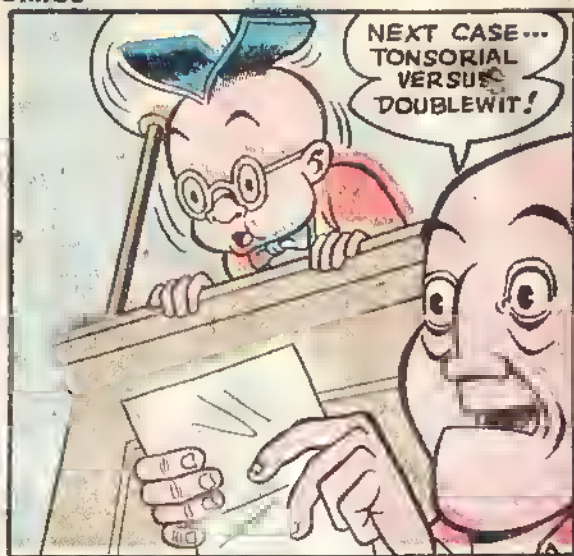
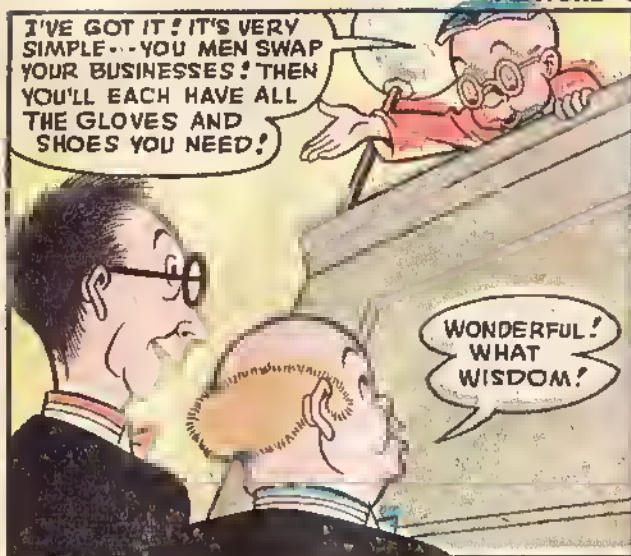


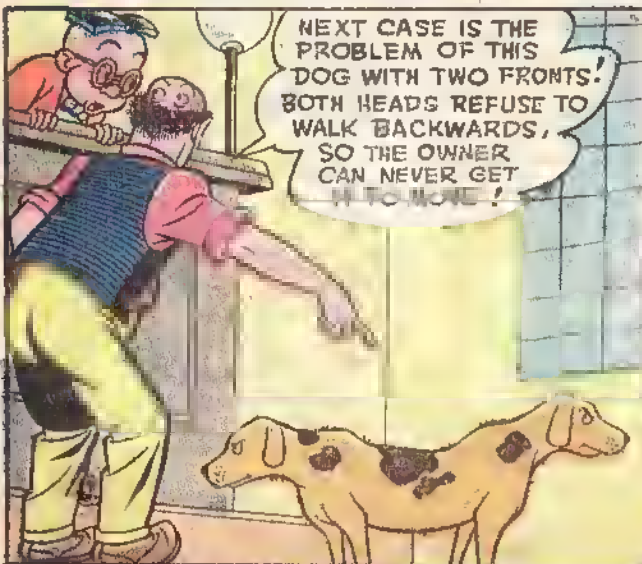
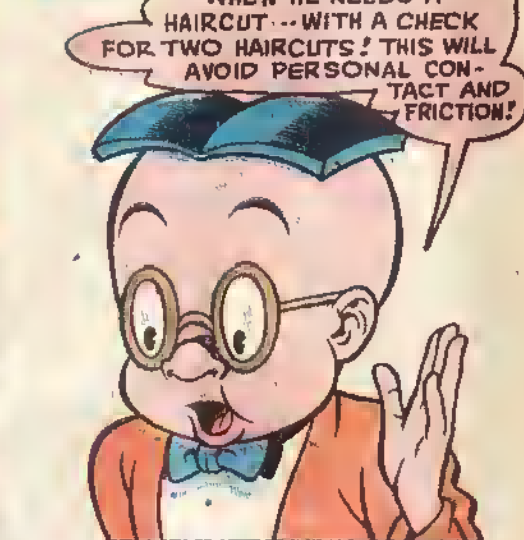
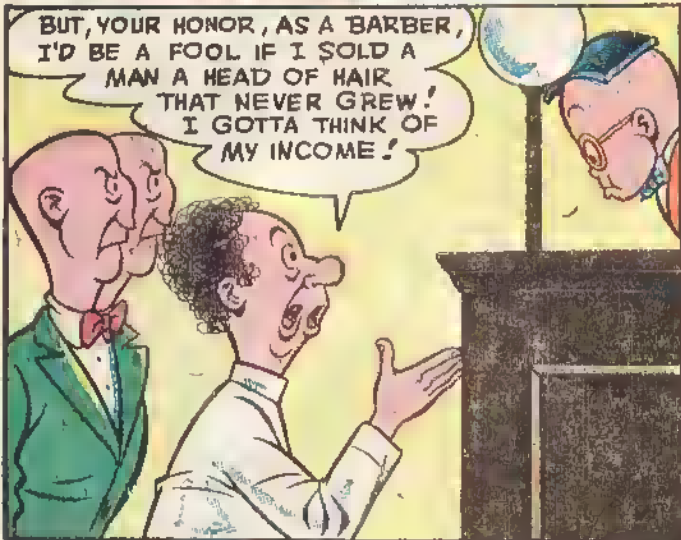
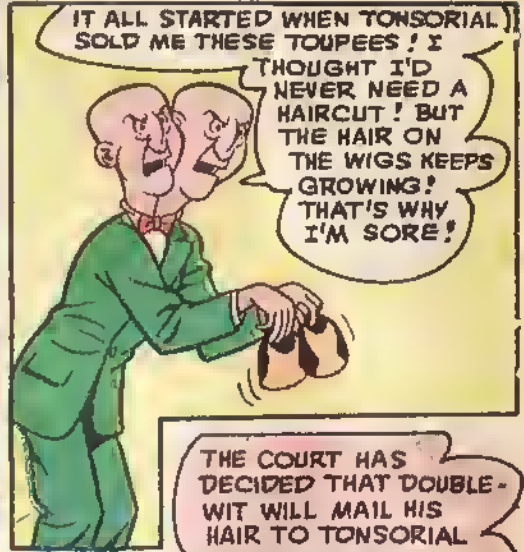
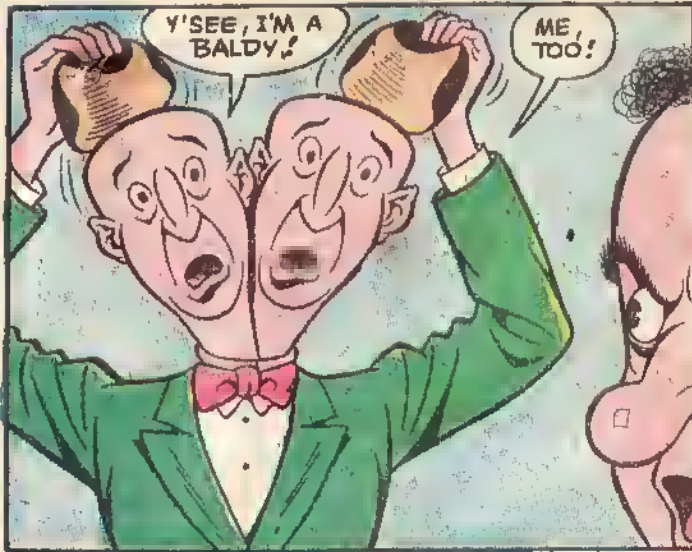
There's not another person on earth who can say he's seen the things PERKY has seen since he volunteered to step into the amateur magician's vanishing box and was whisked off to worlds beyond....



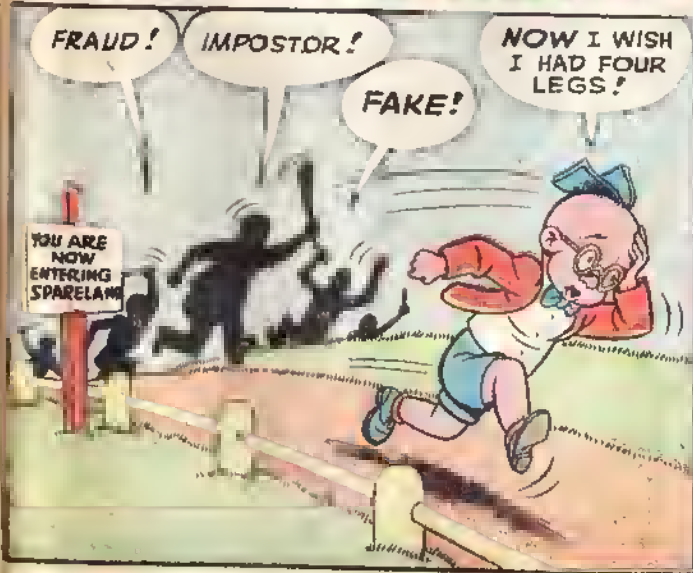
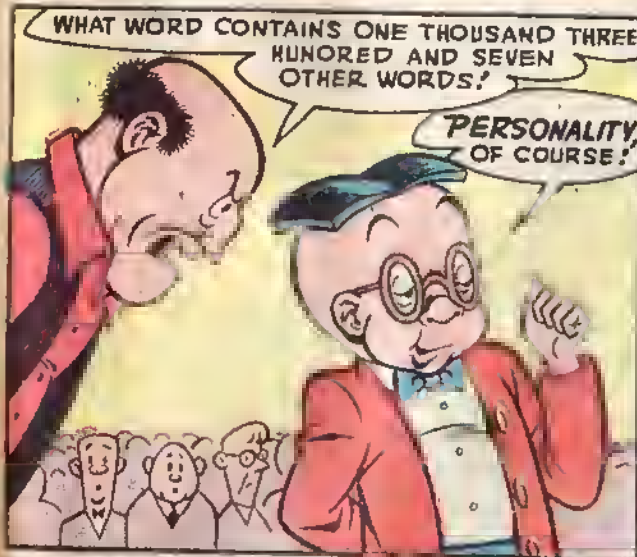
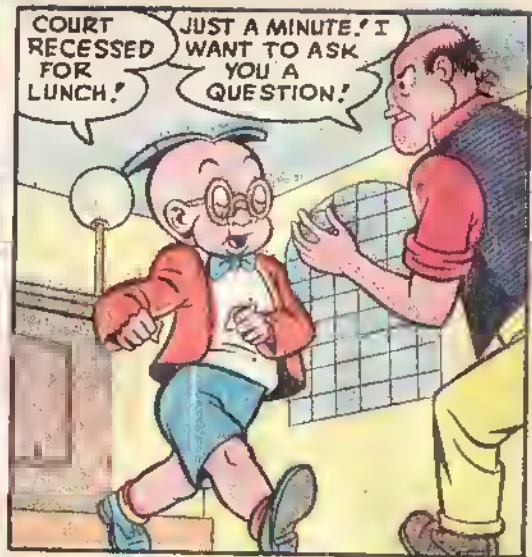
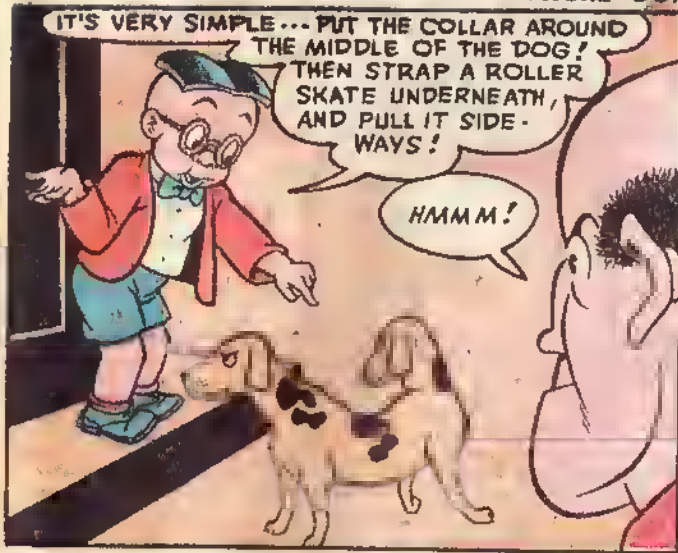






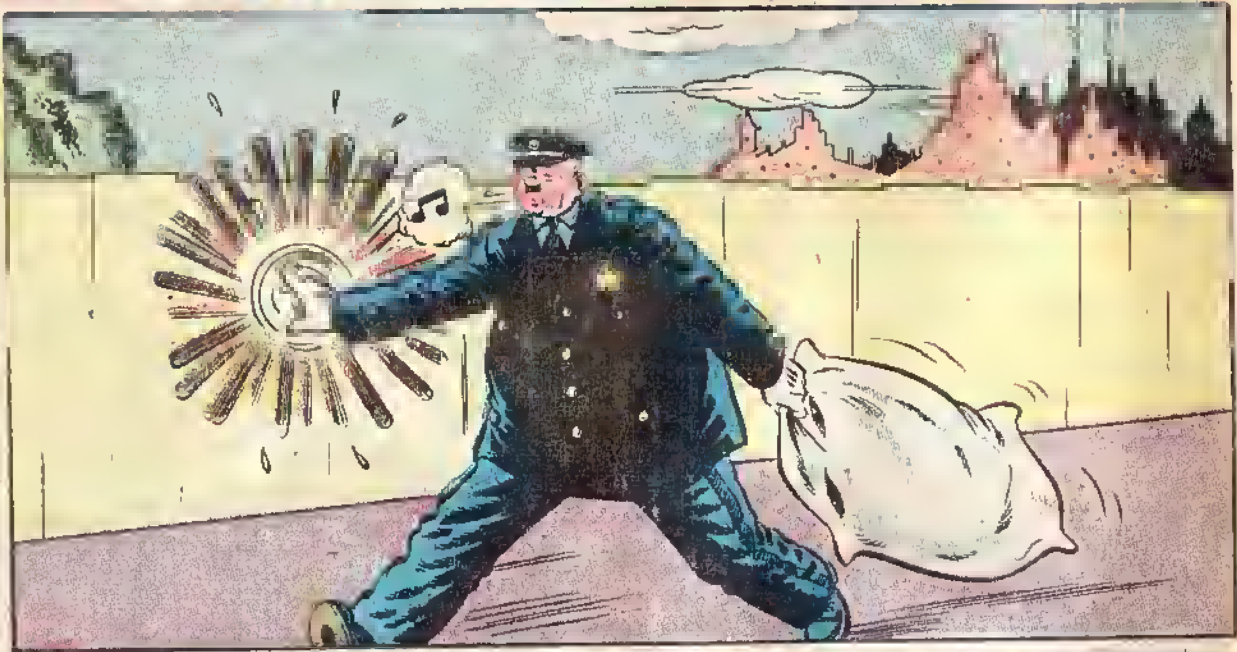


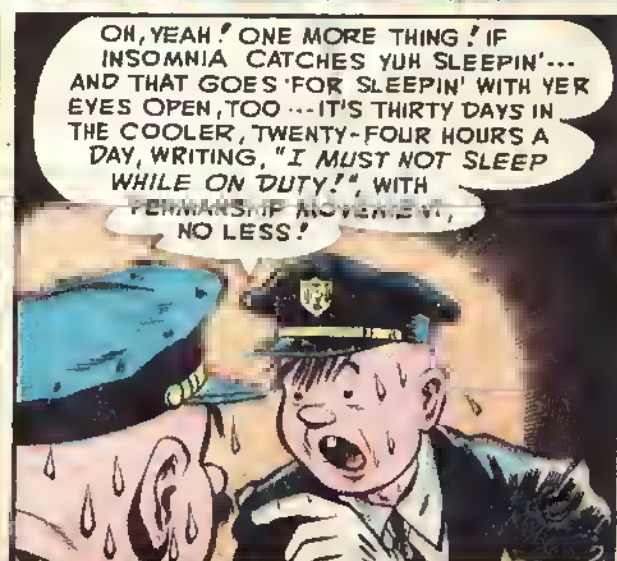
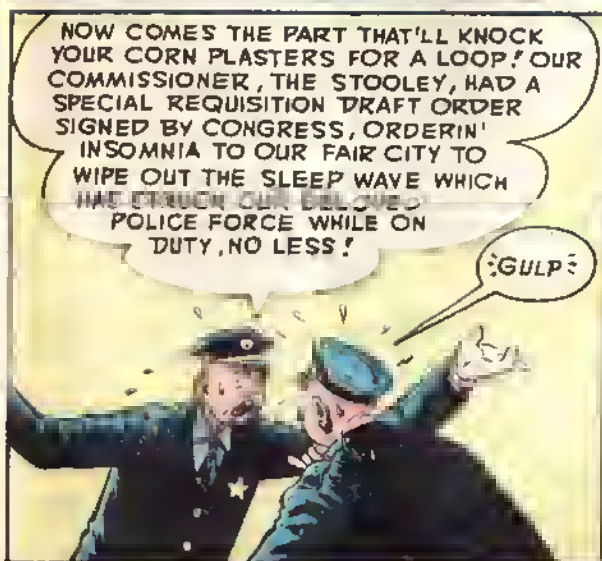
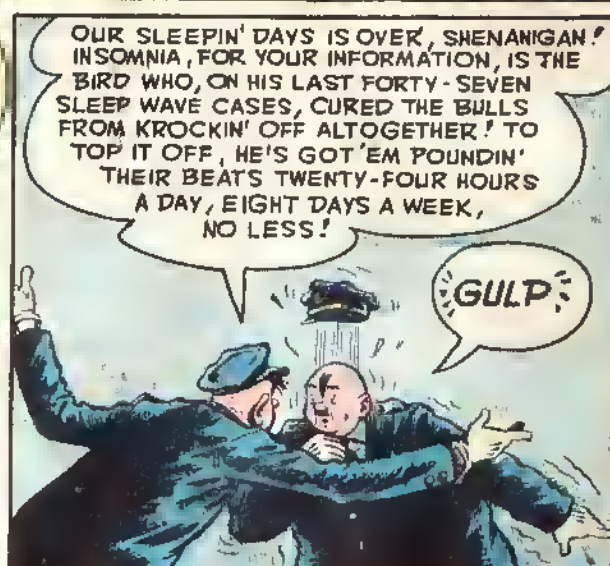
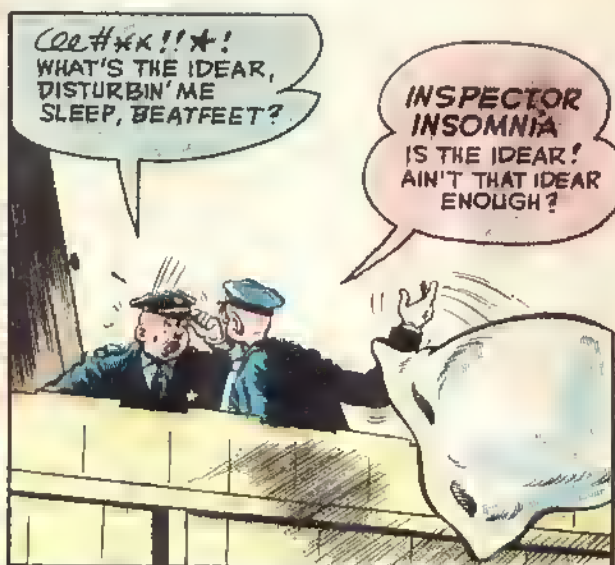
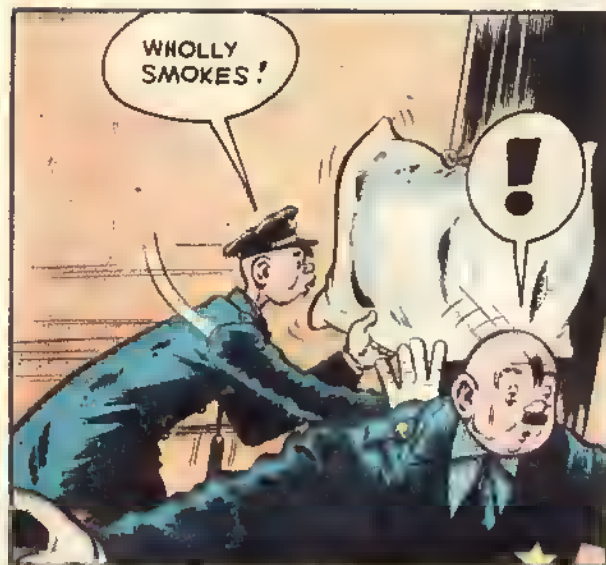
FEATURE COMICS

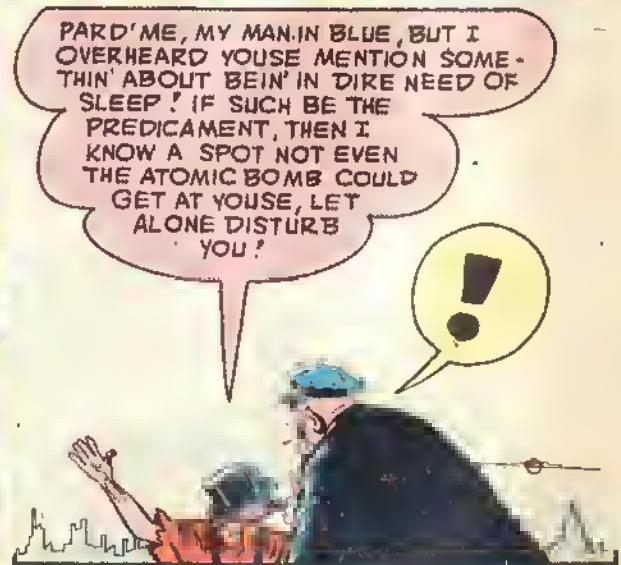
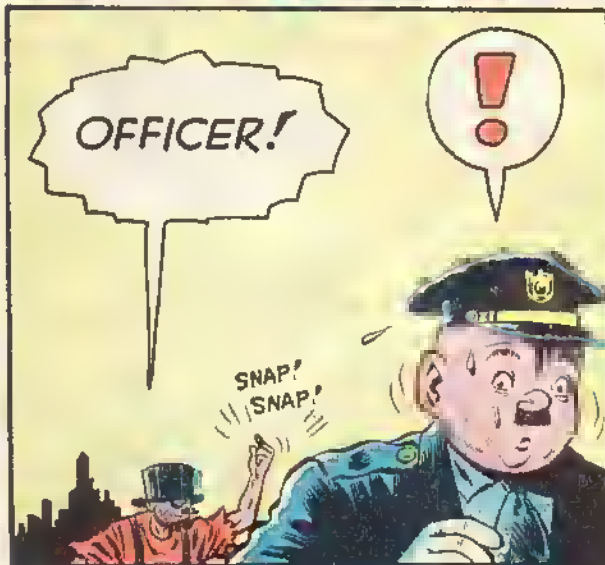
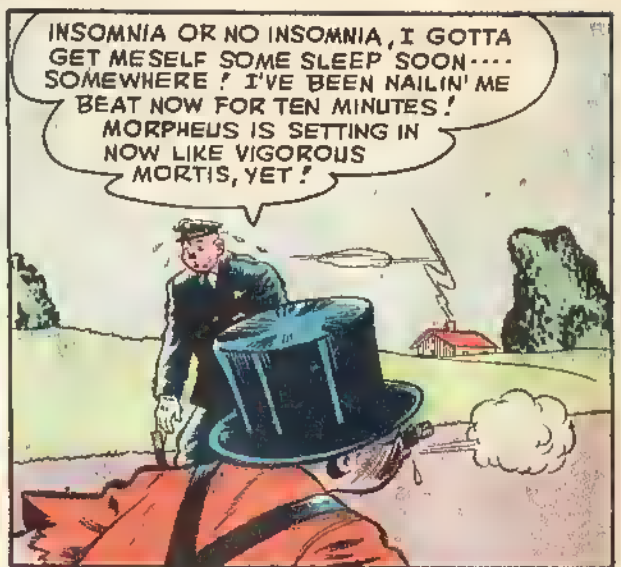
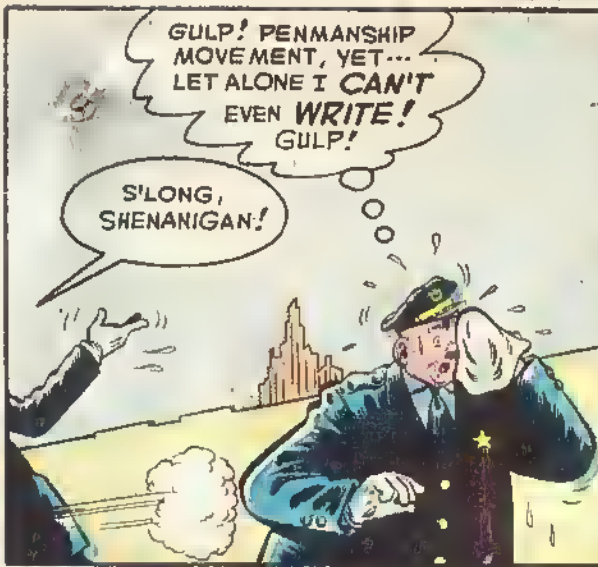


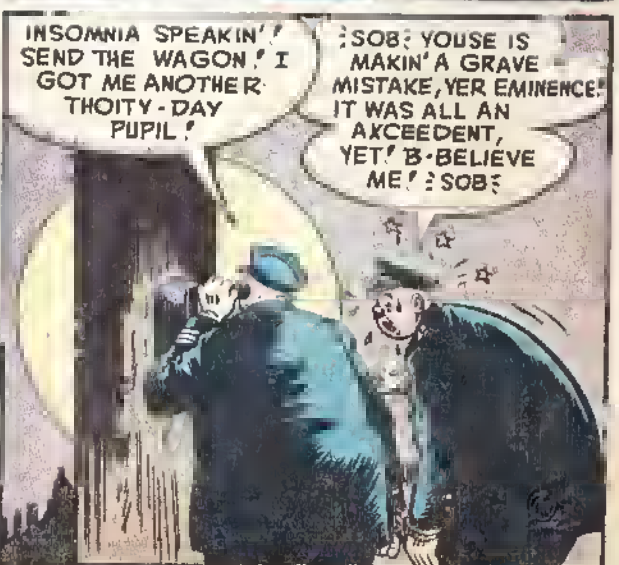
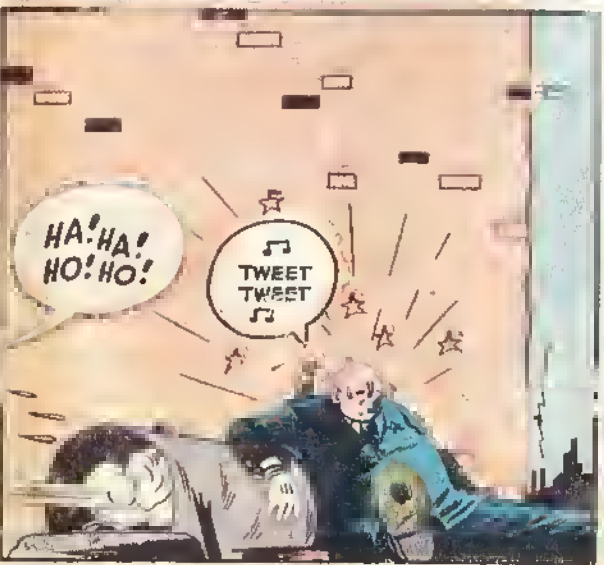
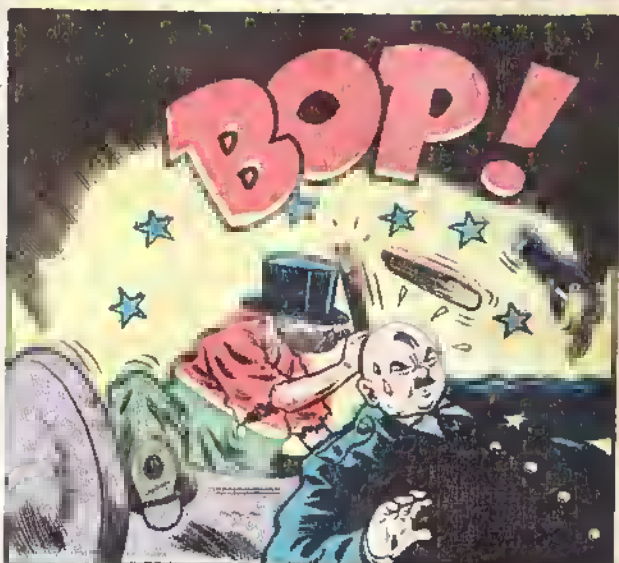
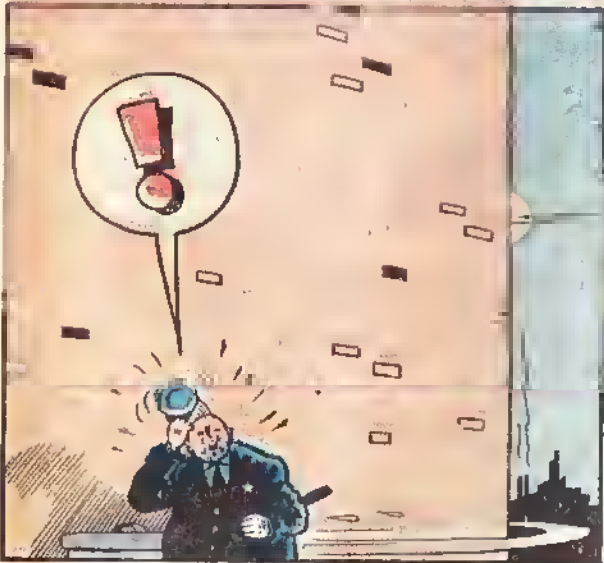
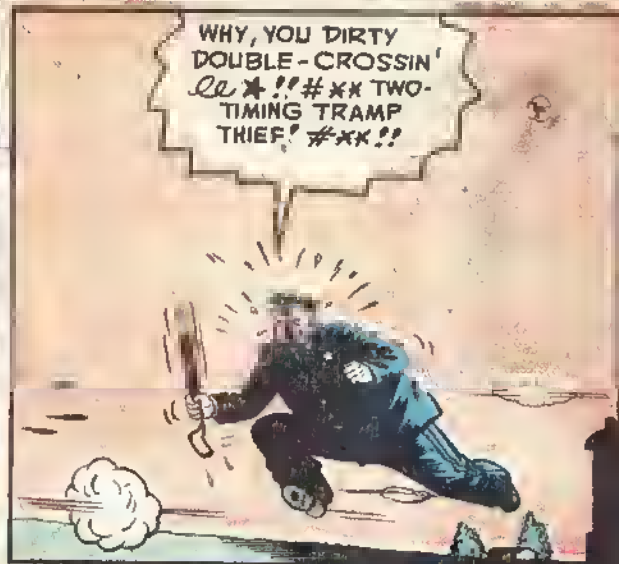


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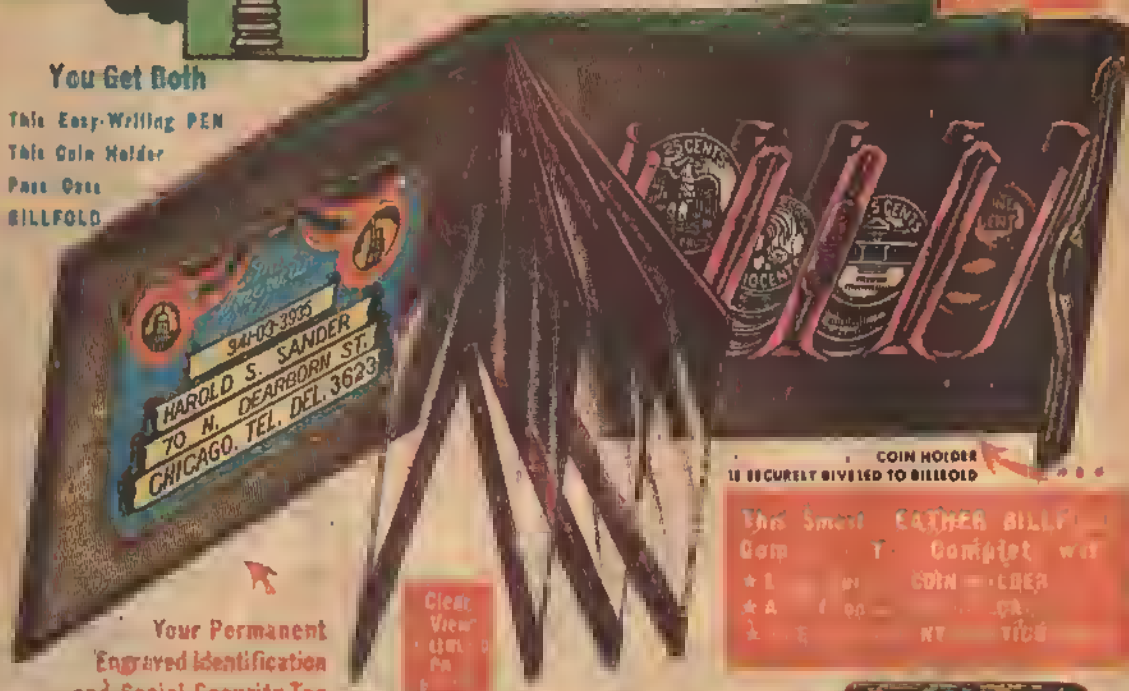
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PEN and
BILLFOLD

You Get Both

This Easy-Writing PEN
This Coin Holder
Pass Case
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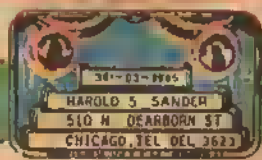


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Complete with
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- Another tough button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
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 - Drives at 11 million. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
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- ### THE BILLFOLD
- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so you'll hold out.
 - 10 clear & pocket built-in pass case, each pocket guaranteed by satisfaction to prevent soiling of your cards.
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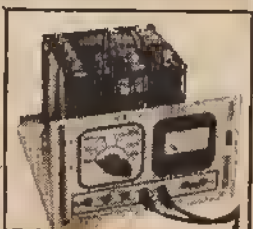
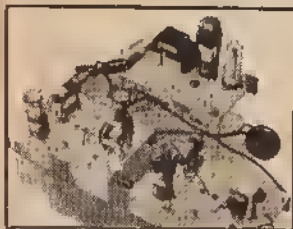
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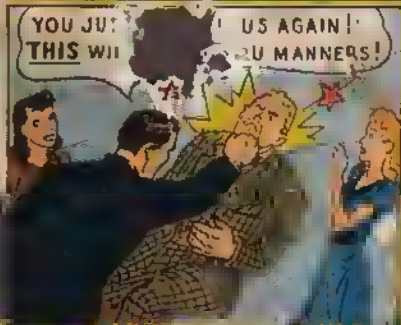
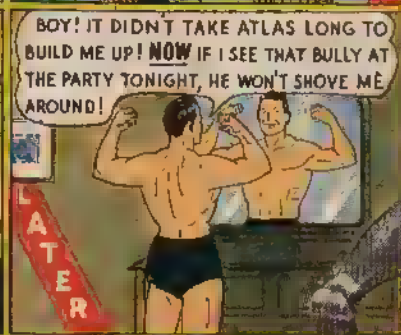
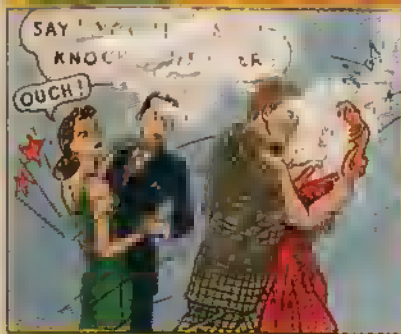
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